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## AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Against the baffling winds, with slow advance,
One drear December day,
Up the vexed Channel, toward the coast of France,
Our vessel urged her way.

Around the dim horizon's misty slopes,
The storm its banners hung,—
And pulling bravely at the heavy ropes,
The dripping sailors sung.

A little land-bird, from its home-nest warm,
Bewildered, driven and lost,
With wearied wings, came drifting with the storm,
From the far English coast.

Blown blindly onward, with a headlong speed
It could not guide or check,
Seeking some shelter in its utter need,
It dropped upon the deck.

Forgetting all its dread of human foes,
Desiring only rest,
It folded its weak wings, and nestled close
And gladly to my breast.

Wherefore, I said, this little flickering life
Which now all panting lies,
Shall yet forget its peril and its strife,
And soar in sunny skies.

To-morrow, gaining England's shore again,
Its wings shall find their rest,
And soon, amid the leaves of some green lane,
Brood o'er a summer nest.

And when amid my future wanderings,
My far and devious quest,
I hear some warbling bird, whose carol rings
More sweetly than the rest,

Then I shall say, with heart awake and warm,
And sudden sympathy—
"It is the bird I sheltered in the storm—
The life I saved at sea!"

But when the morning fell across the ship,
And storm and cloud had fled,
The golden beak no longer sought my lip—
The wearied bird was dead.

The bitter cold, the driving wind and rain
Were borne too many hours—
My kindness came too late, and all in vain,
Sunshine on frozen flowers!

Thus many a heart which dwells in grief and tears,
Braving and suffering much,
Endures unmoved the wrong and pain of years,
But breaks at Love's first touch!

*Havre, France.*

## THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

### A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."


[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]


### CHAPTER VII.

By the time the sky began to redden over old Deborah's rock, with the reflected light from the east, Frank was up and out in the open air. He was a restless fellow, that Frank; getting awake at all manner of unseasonable times, and sleeping, when he did sleep, only by short naps, and as lightly as a weasel. He had acquired, perforce, in his exposed and adventurous life, two other faculties in this connection, which had more than once been of signal value to him; the power of going to sleep at a minute's notice, anywhere; and the power of waking at any moment he chose, and of staying awake for almost any indefinite length of time.

He had slept longer than was usual with him on this occasion, for even his cast-steel frame had felt the effects of the tremendous labor of the day and evening. He was the first one out, however, leaving all the rest, officers and men, in profound slumber.

He found John and Mahlon Sanford still on guard, patrolling up and down, each with one of the Tories' muskets on his shoulder. It was light enough by this time to see distinctly, and the first things that caught Frank's eye were the dead bodies of five of the Tories lying a short distance from the barnyard wall, as they had fallen before the two vollies fired from behind it. Two more were lying in front of the house, and in the middle of the road lay the unfortunate fellow who had been run down and trampled to death by the horses.

"Lookee here, boys," said he, to the two brothers, "s'posin' we git these here corpusses out o' the way afore your mother an' Jenny comes out. No use in them a seein' 'em. Let's drag 'em round behind the barn, an' after breakfast we'll have 'em buried."

This was done, the propriety of the suggestion being manifest; though the young men, less accustomed than Frank to the sight of dead bodies, went about the ghastly business with undisguised repugnance.

As they came back to remove the last one, they found Mike standing over it, looking first at it and then at Frank, in a state of utter bewilderment.

"Arrah, now, Misther Frank, an' is it yerself that's here! an' what's the matther, anyhow?"

"Matter, you dunderhead!" said Frank, "where were you last night, that you don't know what's the matter?"

"Where was I, is it? Sure, an' wasn't I aslape in me own paceful bed, all the blessed night?"

"Well, if you could sleep through all the firin' that was goin' on, you've got more lead in your brains than I thought," said Mahlon.

"Firin' is it?" said Mike, slowly; "well, now, I thought I heard some noise wanst, an' I was goin' to git up an' see what it was; an' then jist as I got up, d'ye see, I didn't git up at all, be reason that the slape was heavy on me; an' thin, afore I know'd it, I was down agin, an' divil a hapoth did I know till I got awake a little while ago, an' seen John an' Mally here a walkin' up an' down wid guns on their showlthers, an' all the horses lyin' about, an' thin I got drissed an' hurried down, an' bedad they were gone whin I kem; an' I saw this poor fellow a lyin' in the road, an' I was lookin' at 'im an' thryin' to make it all out, when yees kem up."

"Lookee here, Mike," said Frank, "you must 'list in the reg'lar line for a sentry.—Here's the house tuk by Tories, a battle fit in an' round it, the Tories druv off, an' you slep' through it all. Just the fellow for a reg'lar sentry. Here, bear a hand, an' let's git this carron out o' the way afore anybody sees it."

"But how did you git here yerself, Misther Frank?" inquired Mike, as they returned towards the house; "an' who was it druv off the Tories?"

"Come last night with what was left o' the troop, from Brummadgen."

"The throop!" said Mike, in amazement; "is it the throop that's here? Sure, I wonthered where all the horses kem frum. Is Misther Bettle among 'em?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"An' that rampin' divil of a horse of his! Be the powers, Misther Frank, but ye ought to have seen the fright he gev me whin he was here in harvest."

"Yes, I heard somethin' about that," said Frank; "you tried the wise trick of lashin' him 'cause he flung you. If it hadn't been for Bettle, you'd ha' been a dead man. He's got the same hoss here now; you'd better keep clear of him."

"Bedad, I'll do that same," said Mike, as they walked towards the house.

Clayton and his officers were seated within, engaged in close consultation, about something which did not appear to be of a very pleasant nature, judging from the knit brows and grave, earnest tones of the speakers.

As Frank appeared at the door, Clayton called him within.

"Does thee know this country well?" he inquired; "I am informed that there is a large force of Tories in the neighborhood, of which those we routed last night were only a detachment. I had rather avoid a fight at present, particularly against odds, if it can be done."

"How many are they, Uncle Tommy?" asked Frank, addressing Thomas Sanford.

"About two hundred, Riah Wood'r't told me. They're stationed at his mill just up the creek; thee knows where it is."

"Reckon I do; 'bout quarter of a mile above the cold spring. If there's that many, we'd better git away from this without losin' time. They're too strong for us."

"If they know our strength, they are," said Wetherill, "but I rather think they were too much frightened last night, to have much idea of our number; headed off in so many directions, I think it more likely they will suppose us to be four or five times as strong as we are."

"They may do that," said Clayton, "but the truth would soon be discovered. Besides, our ammunition must be short; how much did thee say there was, Levi" he added, addressing Barton.

"Six rounds a piece for the carbines, and about twice as many for the pistols."

"Not quite so bad as I feared," said Clayton.

"We have the cartridge-boxes of the Tories, too."

"Plenty of powder, but no balls that will go into our pieces. We might use their muskets, it is true, but with our numbers, we could only make a fight behind shelter, and when the ammunition was exhausted, we would be at their mercy. Nevertheless, we'll take the cartridges with us."

"Why, there's Mary Woodward!" exclaimed Jenny, suddenly, pointing to the figure of a girl on horseback, who was approaching at a rapid gallop along the road; "she must have something to tell, or she wouldn't be coming over so early in the morning."

The girl came up at a sharp gallop, and checking her horse, without dismounting, exclaimed,

"Father sent me over to tell you to leave at once! They know how weak you are, and as soon as the men have had their breakfast, they'll be over and attack you with Black Rawdon at their head. They'll be here in an hour."

"A good deal can be done in an hour," said Clayton, but there's no time to lose. Have the horses got ready, Frank; we must eat our breakfast in the saddle. The loose horses had better be left behind; they will only encumber us."

In a few minutes the troop was in the saddle.

"Now," said Clayton, addressing Thomas Sanford, "one thing more; it won't do for thee and thy people to remain here, if the Tories are coming back. They will revenge last night's work on anybody they may find; has thee any plan in view?"

"No," said Thomas, "there's nothing that I can do; there are plenty of neighbors where we would be welcome, but we would be no safer than here, and would draw them into danger besides; no, we must take what comes."

"You'll take what comes to us," said Clayton, "if we escape, you escape; if we are cut off or taken, it may be that you will have to share the lot with us; not if we can help it, though, even then; whatever may befall us, you shall be saved, if possible."

It was then arranged that the old farmer, his wife, and Jenny, should go forward at once under the escort of Bettle, and what remained of his division,—some fourteen or fifteen, including 'Riah Woodward's three sons and four of the other men he had obtained on his former visit—under Frank's guidance. Two of the farmer's horses were already equipped with side-saddles, and Bettle felt a glow of pleasant pride as he saw how lightly and gracefully Jenny sprang to her seat from Frank's hand, and gathered up the reins, and how easily but steadily she sat in the saddle. Her mother mounted in a more staid and sober manner, as became a matron of advancing years and comfortable ponderosity; but once in the saddle, she was evidently nearly as much at home there as her daughter.

All being now ready, Frank started with his party, and proceeding down the road as far as the bars near the little bridge, turned at once into the cornfield, carefully putting up the bars after all had passed, and made for the woods, intending to keep as much as possible under cover, until they reached the place he had indicated as a rendezvous. This was a spring, a little more than a quarter of a mile south of the old Lancaster road which I have already mentioned, but which is now better known as the Strasburg road, and just at the western edge of West Chester.

The spring lay in a little hollow between the present State road and Market street, and was, at that time, surrounded by woods which covered a considerable portion of the country, particularly to the south and west.

Heading well southward until they struck the run which flows from the spring and empties into the Brandywine at Jefferis' ford, they followed the course of the stream, only deviating from it where it passed through open meadows, and carefully avoiding the travelled roads.

All this care was owing, partly to Frank's habitual caution, and partly to the fact that he had a strong suspicion that the route of the British would lie somewhere in this direction. Even should the main body not cross in the neighborhood, he felt very sure there would be enough foraging parties prowling about to make it advisable to keep out of sight as much as possible.

They were proceeding in this cautious manner, with Frank about fifty yards in advance, on foot, when they saw him stop suddenly near the side of a narrow cart road which ran across the course they were pursuing, throw himself down with his ear to the ground for a moment, and then, springing up, wave them back with his hand, and swarm like a squirrel up the trunk of a tall hickory tree that almost overhung the path.

The party stopped instantly, and the three farm horses, with their riders, were led behind a clump of saplings which stood near, and which screened them effectually from view at any distance. In the meantime the trained horses of the troop, at the word of command, had crouched flat on the ground, each with his rider lying behind him, with carbine unslung and sword hanging at his wrist. In this position, a slight rise in the ground prevented them from seeing the road, and they lay there in grim silence, awaiting such signal as Frank might give.

A few moments of anxious suspense followed, and Bettle was about to move forward to a position whence he could command the road, when, suddenly, a light step was heard among the trees to one side, and the next moment Frank appeared.

"What is it, Frank?" said Bettle; "British or Tories?"

"Red coats," said Frank; "a hundred reg'lars a-comin' double file down the road yonder. Git the women furder back among the trees. We're all too near."

"Is there time?" asked Bettle, anxiously.

"Time enough if we don't stand blatherin' about it, but git to work. They're quarter of a mile off yet."

Orders were at once given accordingly and the troopers retreated rapidly and silently, until they reached a spot about a hundred yards back where the trees were thicker, and the ground overgrown with bushes.

As soon as Frank had given his information, Bettle had gone to where Jenny and her parents were waiting anxiously.

"We must go deeper into the woods," he said, calmly, "as there is a party of British near us that I had rather avoid just now."

"Is there danger, does thee think?" inquired Martha Sanford.

"No, not if we are prudent; but we had better move." So saying, he took the bridle of Jenny's horse, and the whole party moved forward, the men accompanying them in close order on either side and in the rear, until they reached the spot already mentioned, where the troop horses again crouched down like cats among the bushes, with their riders behind them.

The farm horses, not having been trained to this, remained standing, and Bettle wasted no time in vain attempts to make them lie down, but turning to the nearest man, said, with a slight gesture towards Jenny and her parents,

"Woodward, lead their horses down into the hollow there around the bend of the run, and stay there until you hear a whistle. If there is but one, come back; if there are two, make ready for a start, but keep close; if you

CARLO BRINGS AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE.

hear three, wait for nothing more, but *run!* their safety will depend on you then."

Woodward took his post at once, and was about to lead them off, when Jenny beckoned to Bettle, who immediately stepped to her side.

"Is thee going with us?" she whispered, bending down toward him.

"No, Jenny," said he, "my place is here, among my men."

"So is mine, then," said she; "if there is danger, why shouldn't I share it?"

"It would do no good, Jenny; it would only unnerve me and the men to have you exposed to danger. I hope they will pass by without seeing us; but they may see our tracks and follow them, and then a tree fight will be inevitable, and you would lose your life, without accomplishing any good whatever—or, what is a great deal worse, you may fall alive into hands that know neither honor nor pity. No, no, Jenny, you must be as safe as I can make you, or I can do nothing. You may pray for us all, if you will, for if it comes to a fight, we'll need it."

"Thee is right, William; I'll go;" said Jenny, pressing his hand, "and I'll pray that their eyes may be held so that we may escape without bloodshed."

Several precious moments were lost in this conversation, and Bettle watched the receding figures with a great deal more anxiety than he had manifested while talking, until they turned the bend of the stream, and passed out of sight.

*As he crouched down by his horse, he could hear the regular heavy tramp of what was evidently a considerable body of men passing along the road below, though, owing to the nature of the ground, he could see nothing.*

Frank, however, had already climbed the tree behind which Bettle lay, and, completely hidden from view by the leaves and branches, was watching the enemy closely.

Suddenly came from the road, the command, "halt!"

Bettle gave a light tap on the tree with his sword hilt, which was immediately answered from above.

"What are they doing?" he inquired in a low voice, laying his mouth close to the trunk, that the sound might be better transmitted.

"'Xaminin' the tracks," said Frank, in the same tone; and then continued, "lay low, they're lookin' this way; now they're tryin' to count 'em; there's four or five of 'em working up on the trail; now they've lost it agin."

"Well?" said Bettle, as Frank paused.

"Now they've gone back to talk to the officer; they're pointin' this way; the officer's a-comin' this way himself, now; no, he's stopped an's slinkin' his head; now, he's gone back an' the men are formin' agin."

"Fall in men, fall in;" came the order in an impatient tone from below; "we've no time to get into an ambuscade hunting rebels in the woods, if there are any there at all. Fall in; forward, march!"

To Bettle's intense relief, the steady tramp became audible again, and in a few minutes passed out of hearing.

Frank slid down from the tree.

"That was a mighty close graze," said he, coolly; "reckon they'd ha' treed us sure, if old Eli' Flint had been with 'em, an' got holt o' one end of a trail like they did; an' he'd ha' told how many there was of us too."

"Who's Eli' Flint?" said Bettle.

"An old fellow scout o' mine, an' the best hand on a blind trail I ever seen. He could find sign where an Ingin himself couldn't, and he'd follow it like a hound. But I reckon we'd better git on."

"Yes," said Bettle, "we've lost time enough; I want to reach the spring by noon."

While all this was going on, the party in the thicket were waiting the result, straining their ears to hear any sound that might indicate the course events were taking.

The first sound they heard was a low whistle.

"What's that?" inquired Thomas Sanford, hastily.

"Leftenant Bettle's call," said Woodward shortly, "'st! Listen if another comes."

No other came, however, and Woodward, exclaiming "All's right then," prepared to return with his charge, when there was a rustling in the bushes behind him, and a large dog sprang from them to the side of Jenny's horse, and with a joyful whine rose upon his hind legs, and placing his fore-paws upon the skirt of her riding dress, rubbed his black muzzle fondly against the hand which was now patting his head.

"Why, Carlo, what brought thee here?" said Jenny.

"Sure enough," muttered Woodward, compressing his lips, "what did bring him here? Well, we'll see directly."

They now left their concealment and joined the others, Carlo frisking about his old friends, the farm-horses.

"Frank," said Woodward, "just search about the dog, he ain't here for nothing."

"Here, Carlo," said Frank; and as the dog came close to him, and stood by his side, he noticed a slight bulge in one part of the leathern collar, around which a bit of twine was tied; slipping his finger beneath, he discovered a folded scrap of paper. Detaching and opening it, he handed it to Bettle, who read, roughly traced with a pencil,

"The Tories are on us, two hundred strong. We have gained the rock and can hold it for a little while. If there is any place where Thomas and his family can be placed in safety, leave them and come back; if not, push on to Philadelphia, with all speed, and bring such help as thee can, as soon as they are safe. CLAYTON."

The dog had evidently swum the Brandywine, for the paper was wet and so discolored by the wet leather of the collar, that Bettle had at first some difficulty in making it out.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Here was a complication of the business, with a vengeance! What was to be done?—With his already weakened force reduced by one third, and that third composed of the best fighters in the troop, Clayton, though his position on the rock was a strong one, was in by no means an enviable situation.

He had left the house with his force, soon after the departure of Frank and his party, but had not proceeded a hundred yards down the road, before the Tories emerged from the wood near the house, and instantly gave chase. At least they thought they were giving chase.

But the small body of men in advance of them did not seem to have reached the same conclusion; for as the Tories came within some sixty or seventy yards of them, they halted, faced about, and delivered their fire in a volley which cut sharply among their ranks.

The whole body halted for an instant, staggered, not so much by the fire itself, as at the cool hardihood and effrontery of the handfull of men from whom it came. The halt was but momentary, however, and the next moment saw Clayton and his men in the meadow which lay between the road and the Brandywine, making at full speed for the creek. Some fifty of the Tories, who were mounted, leaped into the meadow at the same moment, and there was a desperate race across it, one party making for the creek, the other trying to head them off and turn them back upon the footmen, who had by this time formed along the road, and were keeping up a brisk but ineffectual fire upon the flying troop.

Disregarding the fire both from the road and from the horsemen, which their rapid motion rendered harmless, Clayton and his men spurred towards the stream, and reached the bank about thirty yards ahead of their pursuers, who, not so well mounted, had lost ground in the endeavor to bear down upon their flank and turn them.

The foremost rider—Clayton was in the rear, the commander's place in a retreat—as he reached the bank, spurred his horse at it, without a moment's check or hesitation, and went into the water with a flying leap, that carried him at once twenty feet from the bank. He knew the stream, however, and had selected a spot where the water was shallower than it was higher up, and nearer the rock. Even there, however, it reached nearly to the horses' girths. The whole troop followed him, spreading out, however, both to avoid striking each other as they leaped, and to present a less compact mark for the fire of the Tories' pistols, as they were crossing.

The next minute the horses were leaping and scrambling up the opposite bank like cats. As the last one gained his footing on the firm ground, Clayton, who was still in the stream, halted for a moment to look around at his pursuers.

Their horses, the ordinary farm cattle of the neighborhood, which they had seized and pressed into their service, were swerving from the leap, and rearing and plunging as their riders strove to spur them over the bank. His men also halted, standing in the open order in which they had reached the land.

The leader of the Tories, an old campaigner, none of your militia captains, reined up his horse upon the other bank, and levelling his pistol at Clayton, fired; the ball grazing his ear, but doing no harm beyond drawing a drop or two of blood.

"Thee ought to do better than that, so near," said Clayton, in his cool, grave way; "I'll give thee a lesson," and levelling his own pistol in turn, he fired.

He was not in the habit of missing his aim, and the Tory leader would have reached the end of his fighting on the spot, had he not

with a readiness that showed practice, at the instant he saw Clayton raising his hand, forced his horse to rear. The ball struck the poor brute just in front of the girth, and he rolled over with his rider upon the grass.

While the latter was recovering himself, Clayton reached the bank, and put his troop in motion.

By this time, two or three of the enemy had forced their horses into the water, when the rest followed without hesitation, and the whole body were crossing the stream; the footmen also had reached it farther down, and were crossing.

Clayton might possibly have escaped, but his plan, from the first, had been to gain the rock, not being willing to risk a long chase or running fight, in the tired condition of his horses; for though the few hours they had slept on the preceding night had refreshed them a little, they still needed rest. He knew the rock and its capabilities for defence pretty well from descriptions Bettle had given him, and with the promptness which was one of his characteristics, he had taken the bold resolution, the moment he saw the enemy, to reach it if possible, and hold it until his horses were rested, or help came. Twenty-four hours would do for the former, less might bring the latter.

Turning to Mahlon Sanford, who was riding beside him, he inquired if he knew any path by which they could reach the top with horses, without going around by the ridge.

"Yes," answered the boy promptly, "when Bettle was here in the summer, I told him there was none; but since then, me an' John's been tryin' the place to see if there was, an' we found one where I think we can get up; it's pretty rough though; are the beasts sure-footed?"

"As squirrels," said Clayton.

"Then we can do it," said the boy; "can't we, John?"

John nodded, and they rode rapidly on to the foot of the rock.

There was no time to lose, for the enemy's horsemen had already reached the bank, and were in motion towards them, a little more cautiously, however, now that they were near the shelter of the trees with which the bank and sides of the rock were at that time covered, while the footmen who had also crossed, were pushing forward from below.

Placing the two Sanfords in front, and taking the rear himself, he gave the word and they moved forward on their break-neck expedition.

Up they toiled, now scrambling over moss-grown boulders, now leaping over fallen tree trunks, the horses in advance, following the one which Mahlon was leading, the men on foot covering the rear, and holding the enemy in check with their carbines, until they reached the top breathless.

Here, for the time they were safe; for as Bettle had said, they could have held it with plenty of ammunition and provisions, against an army.

"Now," said Clayton to Wheeler, *dryly*, "I want to send a message to Bettle. If thee can tell me how to do it, I'll be obliged to thee."

"I can tell thee how to do it," said Mahlon; "jest thee write it down, and I'll send it."

Clayton looked at him, but he was evidently in earnest, and accordingly he tore a leaf out of a small memorandum book, and hastily scribbled down the note which ended the last chapter, and handed it to Mahlon: the latter immediately fastened it in the way I have described to the collar of the dog Carlo, who had accompanied them throughout the whole scene.

"There, now, Carlo," said he, when he had secured the paper, "sik Jenny: sik 'em out, old boy; hi on!"

The dog looked up with his bright, intelligent eyes into the boy's face as he spoke, and then started down the hill, running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire, but escaping without a scratch, crossed the stream, and made directly for the house, where, after smelling around for a few moments, he gave a short, quick bark or two, started off at a gallop with his nose to the round, and came up with the fugitives just late enough to avoid betraying them to the regulars who had passed along the road below.

When Bettle had read the note to himself, he read it to Frank.

"By the Hokey!" said the latter, "lookee here! we're in what old Eli used to call a 'corn-twisted difficulkity;' we can't leave the folks here; if we take 'em on to Philadelfy it's a chance if they don't chaw up the whole troop afore we can git back—Stay! I know a place off here, right in the woods, out o' the way o' straggiers, where they'll be safe enough till we can come for 'em."

"Whose place is it?" said Bettle.

"Why, long Johnny Mac Allan's," said Frank; ef I hadn't had my skull so full of other things, I'd ha' thunk o' him at first."

"Will he be willing to run any risk?"

"Well, I reckon he won't trouble himself much about that; he'll take 'em if I ask him, an' I'd like to see the man that 'd meddle with anybody he promised to take keer of."

"We must try him," said Bettle; and then approaching Jenny, he read the note to her, saying, "I'm afraid we must go back at once, Jenny; Frank knows a place here in the woods where you can all stay in safety until we return, or until the coast is clear so that you can get home again. It is at the house of an acquaintance of his, named Mac Allan."

"I've heard of him," said Jenny, "and if Frank says so, and thee thinks best, we ought to go; I'll tell father about it."

She communicated the state of affairs briefly to her father, to whom, also, Bettle read the note.

"I know Mac Allan well," said the old man; "it's the best thing we can do; thee must go back at once to the rock, and help the Captain."

Nothing more was said, and the party struck off into the woods towards Mac Allen's house, which was about a quarter of a mile off.

It was a tolerably large, but rudely built log house, with perhaps half an acre of cleared ground around it. As they emerged from the wood upon this open space, they were greeted by the open-mouthed rush of half-a-dozen savage bull-dogs at them, while Frank's eye, which never missed anything, detected the muzzles of two or three rifles poking out from loop-hools in the wall.

First speaking to the dogs, who recognized his voice, and stopped, though they eyed his companions suspiciously, he called,

"Hello, Johnny, take down them shootin' irons an' come out; I want to speak to you.—Ha! you forgot Frank Lightfoot a'ready?"

The door opened, and a tall man stepped out; one of those long, double jointed, broad shouldered, big-footed, big-fisted, slab-sided fellows, in whom all grace and symmetry have been sacrificed to make room for a double quantity of simple sledge-hammer strength.

"Why, Frank," said he, in a voice a good deal milder and smoother than his appearance indicated, "why, Frank, is that you? And Tommy Sanford, I swan! What's the matter? What's brung you all into the woods this mornin'?"

"'Cause we wanted to git the wimmen folks out o' Black Rawdon's clutches, an' we wa'n't strong enough to fight him."

"Black Rawdon! Is he up in the neighborhood? That's a bad look-out, sure. How many men has he?"

"Why, about two hundred; an' that ain't the worst; lookee here, Johnny; he's got the Captain, with only about twenty-five men, treed on Deborah's rock; we jest got word by old Carlo here."

"How?"

"By old Carlo; note fastened to his collar."

"My sakes alive!" said the old man, "that's wus, an' more of it. What are ye goin' to do? Who's these with you? Part of the troop?"

"Yes," said Frank, in a low voice; "the officer's one o' the leftenants; Bettle; we want you to take charge o' the women folks an' the old man, an' keep 'em safe while we go back to the rock; for the Captain 'll want all the help we can give him. Will you do it?"

"Certain," said Mac Allan; "light down, folks, an' come into the house."

They did so, and after seeing them safely within, Bettle went to the old man, and taking his hand, said, earnestly,

"Now, John, will you take care of them truly and faithfully? Will you defend them as you would your own family, while you can fire a shot or strike a blow? I'm not a man to forget those who show kindness to me or those I care for."

Mac Allan looked hard at Bettle for a moment, and then glanced with a look of interrogation at Frank, who answered it with a wink and a slight screw of his head.

"We'll take care of 'em, leftenant; never fear; if we can't do it by fightin', I've got a place to hide 'em in that all the Tories in the country couldn't find."

"Well," said Bettle, who had already bidden Jenny good-bye, "then we'll go back as fast as we can, and—"

"Wait a bit," said Mac Allan, "I reckon you won't be any wus off for a little extra help," and taking down a tin horn that hung by the door, he blew a long blast on it; it was answered in a minute or two by the appearance of ten stalwart young men, all of the same powerful, double-jointed frame as the speaker.

"There," said he, "there's ten boys that can bark a squirrel off a tree an' never raise the fur. Boys, git your rifles an' powder horns; we're goin' to Brandywine to have a lick at Black Rawdon an' his gang."

"All right, dad; hurray!" shouted the boys, as they hurried into the house, and re-appeared directly, each armed with a long, heavy rifle and accoutrements, and with a tomahawk in his belt.

"But," said Bettle, "won't this leave the place without protection, in case of attack?"

"What! with the old woman an' the three gals, that can all handle a rifle as well as I can, or the boys? I'd like to see the rapscallions git in while they're there! Never fear, leftenant; the gal an' the old folks 'll be as safe as if they were in the middle of Washington's camp."

"All right," whispered Frank, answering a look from Bettle; "I know 'em all; the old woman an' the gals 'll fight like she painters, an' they're as cunnin' as Injins. We'll find 'em all safe, *if we ever git back.*"

The old man then went into the house to give final directions to his wife and daughters; when he came out again, the party, strengthened by this valuable addition to their force, moved rapidly back through the woods towards the Brandywine, heading, however, for Jefferis' ford, which they crossed, and proceeded up the west bank of the river, keeping in the woods with which the country at that day was pretty much covered.

On the way, Frank gave Mac Allan a description of the events of the preceding day and night, which occupied the time until they reached the neighborhood of the rock. The old man listened attentively, giving a slight grunt now and then, until Bettle ordered a halt.

"You know the country, Woodward," said he to one of 'Riah's boys, who was riding near him, "how near can we get to the rock without being seen?"

"Within a hundred yards; but not now; we must wait 'till night."

"I want to let the captain know we're in the neighborhood," said Bettle; "can you get around so as to let him hear you whistle from above, near the ford?"

"Yes," said the young man, "I can do that, if you'll let me have Jim and Harry—"

"Your brother, and Dandy Harry?"

"Yes; let us all go, and we can raise the whistle in three different places; I want to puzzle Black Rawdon's men, and lead 'em off on a wild goose chase, if I can. After we've whistled, I'll go up to the mill and let Mary know we're about. She's a quick witted girl, and may be able to help us a good deal."

Permission having been given, the three young men started together, on foot, and before many minutes, a long, clear whistle, more like the shriek of a small locomotive than any sound coming from human lungs and lips, was heard from the direction of the ford; another came from the old Lancaster road; and a third from the woods at some distance west of the rock. Almost simultaneous with the last they heard an answering whistle from the top of the rock, showing that the party there had heard and understood the signal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

## TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

| | |
|---|---|
| One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls, | $3,50 |
| One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine, | 3,00 |
| One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book, | 3,50 |
| Two Copies of THE POST, | 5,00 |
| Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls) | $8,00 |
| Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,) | 10,00 |
| Thirteen (and one paper to getter up of Club,) | 15,00 |
| Twenty (and one paper to getter up of Club,) | 20,00 |
| Thirty (and one paper extra, *and* both engravings of Niagara Falls) | 30,00 |

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen,* or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

**A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber.** "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.


## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED.—"The following articles are respectfully declined:—"Tanghannic Falls;" "Floresta, the Flower girl;" "A Godmother's Letter;" and "My brother."

We hope that those whose contributions we decline, will always bear in mind, that in declining an article, we express no opinion upon its literary merits, but merely upon its availability for our columns. The unavailability of an article may often be owing to its want of literary merit, often to other reasons.

One thing more we may mention. Young writers, who have not the least reputation, and very moderate merits, often append a price to their articles. They should remember that the mere insertion of a young author's productions in a paper of the high literary character of the POST, is no mean compensation of itself. When a writer has acquired some celebrity, it is, as a general thing, early enough to talk about a pecuniary equivalent.

## A NEW THEORY.

It is amusing to note, in all human affairs, how the pendulum of public opinion is continually swinging from one extreme to the other. In politics and government, we find nations continually vibrating from Despotism to Democracy, and from Democracy back to Despotism. In Religion, one age proclaims that Faith is everything and Works nothing; while the next age may perhaps assert, with equal fervor, that Faith is nothing, and Works everything. In matters which appertain to physical and mental well-being, we find the same continual swinging of the pendulum of opinion backwards and forwards. One age devotes all its care to the culture of the mind and spirit, and neglects the body; the next age devotes itself to physical improvement, and is disposed almost to ignore the claims of the merely mental and spiritual. Horse Racing is denounced by one generation, only to be tolerated and, it may be, applauded in the next. Even such a brutal thing as a Prize Fight, after being, as one might suppose, banished forever from the circle of all decent human sympathies and regards, almost forces itself again into the precincts of respectable society—and newspapers, avowedly reformatory, send reporters hundreds of miles, in order to spread the brutal details of the ring before their thousands of self-denominated "salt-of-the-earth" readers!

In matters of eating and drinking, still the pendulum swings. One generation sits long at dinner, drinks its one bottle to four bottles of wine, and eats and digests in proportion. Then comes another generation which doubts even whether it is well to eat meat or drink milk, and is absolutely certain that to drink a single glass of ale, or cider, or wine, or to smoke a single cigar, is to shorten life, and incur the risk of filling a drunkard's grave.—Then the pendulum begins to swing back again—and men laugh at their old fears about meat and milk, and perhaps may be seen even taking occasionally a glass of sweet cider, to say nothing of a very little weak wine.

It is not our purpose to justify any of these swingings of the pendulum of public opinion—dear reader, do not suppose so, for a moment. We do not intend to tread upon any man's mental or physical corns. "Time," said Lord Bacon, "is the great Reformer." It is true—but, as we have said, Time, which brings the pendulum every now and then to the proper point, cannot keep it there. Away it swings, one side or the other, beyond the great central and safe point of Temperance and Moderation. Men will argue that because one pill is good, twenty are twenty times better; or, on the other hand, because twenty pills do harm, that therefore even a single one is pernicious in proportion. Let us hope, however, that with every swing the force of the pendulum grows less; and that it ultimately will settle at the middle point, and that thus Time, after all, and in a large sense, will prove itself the true reformer.

But we have not yet touched the New Theory, which suggested the above remarks. Let us narrate it briefly. It is a New Theory of Medical Practice, propounded by a Dr. Thomas Inman, a teacher of Medicine in the Liverpool (Eng.) Medical School. It is an instance of the swinging of the Medical pendulum towards the opposite extreme from the blood-letting, purging and generally debilitating system so popular about a century ago.

Dr. Inman seems to consider that the great majority of the cures are made in all cases by the vital forces. He argues therefore in favor of paying still more attention than is now given, to the strengthening of those forces by the administering of food such as the stomach will take, and by the use of "steel medicine," ale, wine, &c. Even in apoplectic cases, he gives instances of cure by nourishing, instead of depleting the patient.

A stout woman who lived freely, used purgatives, and suffered now and then from giddiness, was seized with apoplexy. There was clear debility of constitution with a fatty heart. Tonics were strongly recommended by the consulting physician; but on the other hand, it was urged that the patient was so wedded to purgatives that she would take them surreptitiously if they were not prescribed. They were prescribed, and the woman lived only a fortnight.

Another woman of the same age and like constitution, apoplexy being imminent, was treated only with quiet and tonics, and has been for years in perfect health. A short, stout, florid man, whose father and grandfather had died of apoplexy, was not held to be the stronger for the aspect of his face, was strengthened with rest, tonics, and good diet, and recovered. A man of twenty stone, steadily sinking under purgatives, recovered upon the reversal of his treatment. Seaman, after exposure and privation, come sometimes into the Liverpool Northern Hospital, with their speech lost, and one side paralysed. Quinine, or a quiet stimulant, with good living and wine, cure them.

A burly coachman, very temperate in habits, had an apoplectic stroke. Two surgeons in succession saw him; the first cupped him, and the second bled him, after which he lost the use of his right side and the power of speech. He lay six weeks without amendment, was then treated with steel and alcohol. In a week he began to mend. In three months, he could walk and talk, and use his arm.

Unquestionably there are cases in which blood should be taken, but even in these it is taken for the removal of an instant peril, and that being once averted, maintenance of the vital force strengthens the curative power that is most to be relied on.

The following statement, respecting violent cases of mania, is a singular one. We would like to know how it tallies with the experience of our own lunatic asylums.

Violent mania used to be regarded as a display of energy to be abated by free bleeding, depression with tartar emetic, and low diet. "Now," says the medical proprietor of a lunatic asylum, who has fifty years' experience, "*we treat our maniacal cases with abundance of food, six or seven meals a day of mutton-chops, beefsteaks, porter, wine, &c., and it generally sends them to sleep in thirty-six hours or two days. They can't stand out against the food; it regularly knocks them down; it calms them completely, and we rarely now lose a case.*"

Here are two cases of the treatment of children, which shows some successful audacity (to say the least):—

The following are examples of what may be done by giving impulse to the natural order of life against any disorder in the system. A child was ill. The medical attendant, a remarkably shrewd and observant man, had done all in the power of his art, and the child steadily got worse. One evening the doctor called while the father sat over his *whiskey toddy*, and he administered some to the child. It was taken with evident relish, and upon this hint the doctor acted. *For three months the child, about two years old, lived almost entirely upon whiskey toddy.* By the end of that time the disease had given way, and healthy appetite returned. While the disease lasted, the child had enjoyed his mixture so much that he would not go to sleep without a small bottle of it that he nursed like a doll. But when recovery was complete, *he loathed the sight and smell of it.* In the second similar case, wine-and-water, spirits-and-water, and beer, were tried vainly, till it was found that the child fastened eagerly upon a particular kind of Scotch ale. Upon this it began to mend directly, taking a pint daily, and for the first fortnight nothing else. At the end of the fortnight there was appetite for solid food, and in six weeks the child was well, after which it disliked the ale so much that it could not even endure the sight of the bottle.

Dr. Inman therefore advises, and we think judiciously, that physicians should place less reliance than they generally do upon combinations and changes of drugs, and more on combinations and changes of diet.

Consistently with his general view, our Liverpool Doctor censures the abuse of exercise-taking. He says that, in many cases, the stomach will grow tired before the legs. Moderation in taking air and exercise, as in other things, is doubtless the only safe rule. And let it be remembered that what is only moderation in one case, may be excess in another. He says:—

Exercise beyond certain limits defined by the strength of an invalid, produces fatigue and depression. One of the commonest of errors is to lay stress indiscriminately on the strengthening power of exercise.

A gentleman, thin, weakly, and with a distressing impediment of speech, had been compelled by ill-health to relinquish business. He could not recover health. It was found that he was in the habit of walking six hours a day "for the benefit of air and exercise." He was recommended *to stay at home, lie on the sofa, and read novels for a week.* At the end of the week, the alteration in his appearance, voice, manner, and even in the stammer, was most remarkable. Having found out his mistake, he became fat and flourishing, retaining very little of his stammer.

The mind of a spare and active man of business gave way, after a harassing career. He returned from a few weeks of confinement in a state of deplorable weakness, unable to stand without tottering. Upon liberal diet, steel and cod oil, he gained flesh and strength. He was then allowed to be out of doors for ten minutes at a time. He ate hourly, and the exercise was taken between meals. Everything went well, until one day he walked a mile and a-half, to a concert, sat it out, and then returned up hill to his house. For three days afterwards his life was despaired of, and it was a month before he had recovered the lost ground.

A consumptive young lady who died under the care of a fashionable physician at a favorite spa, had been carried out by him ostensibly for a drive in his carriage, set down three miles from the town, and left on the road, under orders to walk home. That physician pinned his faith upon mutton and exercise, without considering that healthy exercise is a relative term; that what is light, healthy exercise for one, is for another dangerous if not fatal exertion; that the powers of the weak have to be husbanded, and that a sick or weakly person cannot fail to be harmed by exercise that reaches the point of fatigue.

We may say in conclusion, that Dr. Inman thus seems to us to represent an impulse of public opinion, which is swinging like a pendulum to the opposite extreme to the Dr. Sangrado school, now rapidly losing its hold on the popular regard. The danger probably now is that the pendulum will swing too far. And though this extreme may be a safer one than the other, the Golden Mean of Moderation probably continues to be the dictate of wisdom. The wise physician therefore, as we judge, while not losing all faith in the lancet or his drugs, will be very careful in using them, so as not to weaken unnecessarily the strength of his patient. And, on the other hand, will be careful to build up the system of the sick man, by administering suitable nourishment as early as seems consistent with the ability of the stomach properly to digest it.

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A CORRECTION.—We regret to say that there was a blunder crept into the poem, "WHAT WOMAN CAN DO," by *Mrs. Anna Bache*, published in THE POST of last week—a blunder for which the talented authoress was not at all accountable. The concluding lines of the first stanza should have read as follows:

"A world well lost"—her lovers say,
"For *Cleopatra* thrown away."
But if, by that bad woman's wiles,
For her false tears, and falser smiles,
A world *was* lost, as legends tell;
When fair beneath the Western sky
Columbus saw, with prophet eye,
*New* worlds on Ocean's bosom borne,
While sage and statesman smiled in scorn,
With careless Unbelief to cope,
And give the Voyager help and hope,
'T was thine, Castilian Isabel!

We may add that Queen Isabella, though a Spanish lady, was not a dark-eyed brunette, by any means. "At the period of her marriage with Ferdinand," says the historian, "she had just entered her twentieth year. Her complexion was fair, her hair auburn, inclining to red; and her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression." It is well for Americans to have a correct idea of the noble Queen to whom Columbus owed so much.

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KING COTTON.—The profits of the cotton trade in England are said to average the large amount of $5,000,000 a *month*. Three Manchester gentlemen have stated their annual gains to the Income Tax Commissioners, as $500,000 each. Just think of it, half a million of dollars as the yearly profit of your business! And, while one man is making thus his half a million, his neighbor probably can hardly earn enough to hold soul and body comfortably together. But then, on the other hand, what a fearful responsibility attaches itself to him who has been made the steward of such a vast amount! How awfully must come upon such an one, at times, that saying of the Saviour relative to rich men! And how consoling should it be to every poor man, the numerous promises to those who have suffered many things in this world—but honestly and faithfully persevered in the straight and narrow way to the end! Thus every state has its peculiar dangers, its peculiar *felicities*. And, when one considers the shortness of this life, it seems to be a matter of very little importance, whether we strut our brief hour as Manchester millionaires, or toil wearily through it like the operative who labors in his mill.

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COUSIN MARY'S DREAM.—In relation to this simple but affecting sketch, a lady writes:

"Cousin Mary's Dream will be read with lively interest by all wives and mothers—while the many to whom that dream has been a heart-breaking reality, will recall with swelling heart and irrepressible tears the lesson of the great teacher, Death—recall it with thankfulness to Him who, out of the evil of unspeakable suffering, brought the great good of patience. Like other lessons of experience, those who need it least will understand it best, for in this imperfect world, the school for a better, we never fully prize our blessings until they are lost—gone beyond recall.

"'The dead alone are dear'
While they are here long shadows fall
From our own lives, and darken all;
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made.
And *they* are bright and clear.'"

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ANOTHER VERDICT.—When Miss Carstang, of St. Louis, obtained a verdict for breach of promise against Mr. Shaw, of the same place, for $100,000, we spoke of the verdict as it deserved. A second trial has now taken place, and the lady gets nothing—exactly the amount, as it seems to us, that should be awarded in every case of the kind. We cannot comprehend how any lady of proper delicacy and refinement can sue for money to heal a wound of the heart. Money will not heal the heart-break; and if the principal object in a contemplated marriage is the obtaining of wealth, then the party having the money is justifiable in backing out as soon as he finds that his money, and not himself, is the object really wanted. And what is right in one sex, in this respect, is right in the other.

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DEATH OF MR. PAULDING.—Mr. James K. Paulding, an author of some celebrity, and at one time Secretary of the Navy, died recently in Duchess county, New York, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was associated with Washington Irving in the writing of "Salamagundi," a humorous periodical, and was the author of "Konigsmarke," "The Dutchman's Fireside," "Westward, Ho!" and other works well received in their day.

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THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.—The daily "*Inquirer*" of this city astonished its readers last week with a change in form and price, in accordance with the spirit of the age. It is now a quarto, of clear and handsome appearance, and will be sold for two cents a number. This changed appearance, and reduced price, can hardly fail to have an effect in increasing its circulation. We wish its enterprising proprietor all success.

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PAPER FROM FIBROUS SUBSTANCES.—One of the largest paper manufacturers in England writes to the London Times, and says:—

So many one-sided statements have appeared with reference to the alleged abundance of material for making paper, that, as one of the references when £1,000 was offered as a substitute for rags, I think it is time to answer the many misrepresentations that have been made on this important subject. Our firm expended a considerable sum, and, after two years of costly experiments, arrived at the conclusion that, although paper can be made of other materials than rags, the cost is either too great, or the material unfit for the first-class printing paper.

Our American paper manufacturers bid fair to be more successful. The "begasse" of the Chinese sugar cane—in other words, the waste matter of the cane, after the sugar and syrup have been extracted—has been found to make very good paper, in combination with rags.—A firm at Manayunk, about seven miles from Philadelphia, offer to give from $15 to $20 a ton for this "begasse," to be delivered at their mills. They will take any quantity that can be brought to them, as they do a very large business.

We may add that this demand for the "begasse" in paper making, it is said, will cause the Chinese Cane crop to be a highly profitable one. If the profit of an acre of the cane in sugar and molasses "may be estimated at $63.75," and "the value of the seed and tops at $15.00," the addition of $15.00 for the begasse would give a total value of $93.75. Of course, when no paper mill is in the immediate vicinity of the farmer, the cost of transporting the "begasse" to the mill would have to be deducted. Without knowing much about it, however, we take it for granted that the above estimates are somewhat exaggerated. If they are not, it is an unusual instance—Agriculture seeming to have, to say the least, its average proportion of visionary, self-deluding men.

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☞ During the absence from circuit of Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell) on his matrimonial trip with the ci-divant Miss Scarlet, Justice Abbott observed when a cause was called on, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." "Yes, my lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own, "he *was*, my lord, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Brougham," said the judge, taking snuff. "My lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scarlet fever."

☞ The young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite hoarse in consequence of using them too much.

☞ "How tall are you, my jewel?" "I stand six feet in my shoes." "Six feet in your shoes! Why, no man living can stand more nor two feet in his shoes; you might as well say you stood six heads in your hat."

A THOUSAND years scarce serve to form a State—
An hour may lay it in the dust; and when
Can man its shattered splendors renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish time and fate?

☞ Reason cannot show itself more reasonable, than to cease reasoning on things above reason.—*Sir P. Sydney.*

☞ If misfortune comes into your house, be patient and smile pleasantly, and it will stalk out again, for it can't bear cheerful company.

☞ Once upon a time there lived a couple known far and wide for their interminable squabbles. Suddenly they changed their mode of life, and were as complete patterns of conjugal felicity as they had formerly been of discord. A neighbor anxious to know the cause of such a conversion, asked the gudewife to explain it. She replied, "I and the old man have got on well enough together ever since we kept two bears in the house." "Two bears!" was the perplexed reply. "Yes, sure," said the lady, "bear and forbear."

☞ POETRY AND PATRIOTISM.—The National, of Wednesday last, says that Washington guided the tottering steps of the infant Republic along the path of empire. So he did. And more; he made the little codger toe the crack of progress; he cuffed him along the trail of safety; he kicked him clear over the pools of peril; and by the scruff of the neck dragged him howling up the hill of greatness. It will be seen that we can talk in figures as well as our neighbor.

☞ "The verb 'to love' is the one young girls are most prone to conjugate; afterward they discover that, though the first, it is by no means the sole verb in the grammar of life, or even the only one that implies to be, to do, or to suffer."—*Miss Mulock.*

☞ A doting mother of a waggish boy in New Haven, having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labelled them, "Put up by Mrs. D———." Johnny, having discovered the goodies, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny D———."

☞ "I have a bright-eyed little neighbor, a four-year old, named Maimee, who sometimes comes in to chat with my little boys. Her mother is religious; her father, I am sorry to say, is not. The other day Maimee was expatiating to my boys on the good qualities of her mother; how she read the Bible, and prayed with the children, &c., when she suddenly seemed to reflect that such high commendations of one parent were rather at the expense of the other, and added,—"My papa is a good man, too: *he reads the Sunday papers!*"

☞ The gleeful laugh of happy children is the best home music: and the graceful figures of childhood are the best statuary.

☞ INCREASE OF HICKSITES.—It is announced in the Baltimore papers that the sixteenth child of Gov. Hicks of Maryland was born at Annapolis on Thursday last.

☞ This good old Saxon word (*wif*) is, after all, the dearest and most sacred word in the whole vocabulary of love. Around it clusters all that is most beautiful, chaste, and permanent in the tender passion. Into whatever forbidden paths the heart of man may wander, still it must return, at last, to the hallowed name of *wife* for consolation and rest. Any other relation between the sexes, however alluring to the imagination, invariably ends in wretchedness, in shame and degradation.

# LETTER FROM PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PARIS, March 15, 1860.

Tremendous gales, snow-storms and threats of inundation; in short, as detestable a spring as can well be imagined, is the meteorological report for the time being of this side the Atlantic.

The announcement of astronomers that unusually high tides were to be expected on the coasts of the Channel in consequence of the position of the sun and moon, has sent tens of thousands of people to the sea, in the hopes of witnessing something wonderful in the way of marine waterworks. Cheap excursion trains were crowded, the hotels and boarding-houses have been as crowded as in July: but alas! a violent gale has acted with such force and determination all along the French shore of the Channel, that the water has been driven, by the mere strength of the wind, away from the land, so that the tides which were to have been so phenominally high, have been, on some points, lower than usual; the vast body of water driven back from the French shore having gone to swell the tides on the opposite coast, where the inundations have been of a most formidable description. But though the force of the in-tides has been held in check by the counter-action of the winds that have just caused such fearful destruction to shipping, cargoes, and crews, the ebbs have been most remarkable, exposing to view portions of the shore which has not been visible to mortal eyes for two or three generations. The pleasure of gazing on masses of rock, and of walking over beds of sand, unknown to the "oldest inhabitant" of the various localities, has in some degree consoled the troops of sight-seekers for the disappointment caused to them by the wind; and as astronomers are predicting two other sets of "high tides" for the current year, it is to be hoped that the troops of passengers conveyed to the shore by western and northern railways, will not be too keenly afflicted at the loss of their fares. It is, at any rate, pleasant to see the French, who have been hitherto so stationary, rarely leaving their own special towns, except for a couple of hours on a Sunday afternoon, beginning to imitate the locomotive doings of their rivals on the other side of the "northern ditch."

THE HOPE OF FRANCE.

Meantime, the little Prince Imperial (who speaks English, German, and Spanish with as much facility as French, and is growing a fine, handsome little fellow, with full, plump cheeks, blue eyes, and a mass of light, silken hair,) is evidently being brought up without the inoculation of the Anglophobia so common among his countrymen; for one of his favorite costumes is the handsome Highland suit sent to him by Queen Victoria, and which he is, to his regret, outgrowing; his favorite pony is also a gift from the same royal hand, and his latest delight is a very elegant velocipede, manufactured by Mr. Sawyer, of Dover, and by him just presented to the "Hope of France." The Emperor, in acknowledging the reception of the velocipede, through the Consul, who was, moreover, desired to present to the maker the sum of £35, assured Mr. Sawyer that he greatly admired the beautiful execution of the machine, and that the young Prince is excessively delighted and diverted with it. Since he has so effectually espoused the cause of Italian enfranchisement, the Emperor seems to consider himself delivered from all danger of assassination, and goes about with a degree of freedom among his people which no amount of precautionary measures on the part of the police could render safe if he were really the object of that bitter personal hatred to which he was formerly exposed. Not only does he often walk, with the Empress, about the Bois de Boulogne, perfectly exposed to the aim of any desperate marksman who chose to exchange the Emperor's life for his own, but he has lately taken to walking with the little Prince in the crowded unreserved portion of the garden of the Tuileries. The day before yesterday he walked thus with the child for an hour or more about the garden, quite unattended, holding the little Prince by the hand, and occasionally bowing to the people about him.—These things may appear trifling in themselves; but they certainly prove, for those who know anything of Paris, that the Emperor must have been receiving, of late, from the police, accounts of the state of popular feeling with regard to his policy and person very different from those he was in the habit of receiving a year and a-half ago.

GOLD AND SILVER COIN.

An ingenious experiment has just been made at the St. Petersburg mint in order to ascertain the comparative loss of gold and silver coin by the attrition of daily wear, and it would appear that, contrary to the received opinion, it is the gold coin which wears away the fastest. In order to ascertain the point, twenty pounds of gold half-imperials, and as much of silver kopecks (coins of about the same size) were put into two new barrels mounted like churns, which were kept turning for four hours continuously. It was then found, on weighing the coins, that the gold ones had lost 64 *grammes*, while the silver ones had lost only 34 *grammes*. On analyzing this result, in view of the greater relative proportion of alloy contained in the silver, it is established that the pecuniary loss on the wear of gold and silver coin is about thirty times greater in the case of the former than of the latter.

POPE *versus* EMPEROR.

The religious ceremonies of this season of the year are going on as usual; and Prince Albert de Braglie, whose last article, in favor of the temporal power of the Pope, brought down a "second warning" on the *Correspondant*, has just received from the Pope the wax taper which his Holiness carried in the grand affair of Candlemas day. As such a distinction is seldom conferred on any but sovereigns, this compliment paid by the Pope to a subject of a foreign Power in acknowledgment of a piece of zeal which has drawn upon its author the condemnation of his own Government, does not seem to indicate any special desire of conciliation on the part of the Pope.

THE CARNEVALONE.

Though the Lenten season is now nearly half over, echoes of the Carnival still reach us from other countries, and especially from Milan, which town, together with Varese, alone enjoy, thanks to Saint Ambrosius, the privilege of four more days of Carnival than any other places. This *Carneralone*, as it is called, begins on the Ash Wednesday (the day on which Lent commences for the rest of the Catholic world), and goes on to the following Saturday night. This year, in honor of the presence of their new sovereign, the Milanese have given themselves 24 hours additional grace, and only ended their frolics at twelve o'clock of Sunday night.

During these five days, all private life seems to have come to a standstill, the whole town living a common life in the streets and places of amusement; and Milan became a scene of moving, revelling, dancing, masquerading, singing, shouting, laughing, and chattering, for five long days, without a moment's interruption. During the *carnevalone* a general frenzy of fun and merriment seemed to have possessed the entire population, the Saturnalia of old Rome being revived for high and low. *Veglioni*, or masked balls at the theatres, to which the price of admission is very low, and the *coriandoli*, or hurling of pellets of chalk, are the two grand features of the festival; the former go on every evening, the latter comes off on the last two days of the rejoicing. Everybody who can hire a mask and a costume goes to the theatres, which are splendidly lighted, especially *la Scala*, the grandest of them; those who are too poor to hire a domino, dress themselves in any ragged finery they can find, and parade the streets in groups, amusing themselves with watching their more fortunate neighbors.

But the two days of the coriandoli are the true glory of the time. This battle between the street and the balconies occupies the entire length of the Corso, from the Piazza del Ducmo to the Porta Orientale, about a mile in length. The upper half of the Corso, called the Corso Vittor Emmanuele, is too narrow to admit two rows of carriages, so that these have, in returning from the Porta Orientale, to turn into the Contrado del Monte, just by the Lion Column, go on to the Scala, and then by the Contrada Santa Margherita, and the Piazza dei Mercanti, back to the Piazza del Duomo; a total length of two miles and a half. Rome and Milan are the only places in which this battle-royal between the street and the balconies is kept up in its purity; and no one can witness the crushing supremacy of the attackers in the latter, and the arts and dodges of the masses below, without feeling that he is on the traces of the early feud between the patricians and plebeians of old Rome.

Though the Corso is the principal scene of this battle, skirmishing goes on over the whole town; and these skirmishes are, if possible, even more exciting than the regular battle, because more impromptu, and consequently more piquant and diverting. For weeks past, all the first-floor balconies on the Corso had been let at fabulous prices, being just at a convenient height for pelting promenaders. Some of the best of these were let for not less than 2,000 grani, or $400 for the two days.—Even single windows, with only one small balcony, let for as much as $40 or $45 each. In the new piazza before the Scala, and on the Piazza di Duomo, near the Chapter House, scaffoldings, decorated with the never-failing tricolor, were put up for the accommodation of those who could afford nothing better.

The lawful weapons of this mock warfare are the *corandoli*, or chalk balls of the size of a pea; but, although there are strong interdictions against them, chestnuts, oranges, and other unlawful missiles are sometimes, in the heat of the battle, resorted to; while gallantry sometimes prepares *bonbons* and bouquets as an offset against those more ponderous, and often dangerous arms. The latter, however, are merely exceptions; the incredible amount of the *coriandoli* used on these occasions showing the heat of the fight. Every open space was filled with venders of *coriandoli*, and every second or third house had hung out signs of "Manufactory of *coriandoli*," "Sale of *coriandoli*," whence itinerant hawkers draw their ever ready supplies through the two days. The rooms behind the balconies were filled with sacks nearly to the ceiling, so that they looked like so many warehouses. Baskets more or less ornamented were also provided, to be placed on low stools on the balconies, with the wooden spoons, ladles, and shovels used for throwing the pellets. From 30,000 to 40,000 lbs. is thought a moderate allowance for a middle-sized balcony—one is spoken of whence four persons threw 25,000 lbs. in a single day. And no wonder, for it is not unusual, in the heat of the fight, to seize the whole basket, and send down its contents into the street below.

As an intermediate link between the aggressors above, and the dodging crowds below, are the carriages and cars which form one of the principal features of the scene. The inmates of the latter are the Zouaves and Turkos of the fight, as they engage the balconies above, as well as expose themselves to the attacks of the people below. They are the champions as well as the tyrants of the latter, attracting the fire,—or rather the coriadoli—of the balconies on their devoted heads; but at the same time showering down their own ammunition on those whom they are thus defending. From four to twelve young men generally join together to get a car built, the main object in its construction being the obtaining of as much space as possible for stowing away the bags of coriandoli. They are ornamented with all kinds of fantastic devices, representing steamboats, rock fortresses, gondolas, triumphal cars, horses, vans, &c., the larger ones being drawn by four horses, with postilions. The costume of the inmates harmonises with the character of each car; mariners, miners, undertakers, together with every variety of fancy costume; an indispensable part of every costume being the mask of iron wire, without which it would be impossible to face the hail of missiles provoked by the appearance of these cars. As none of the latter can carry sufficient ammunition, regular stores are kept at various points of the Corso, from which they recruit.

Cars of musicians also perambulate the scene, adding to the general uproar. This year, both days were dry and sunny; the general gaiety was enhanced by its being known that the king would be on the balcony of the Palazzo Bresuia; and great was the delight when his Majesty was seen to crack and eat some bonbons that were thrown up to him.

The regular fight begins at 2 P. M., and lasts till sunset; but everybody was out for hours before. Whether in the balconies, the cars, or on foot in the street, the fury of the coriandoli seems to be most contagious. You shovel away at hats, bonnets, or a particularly neat costume, dodge, or ward off the retort, and the more you throw, and the more you receive, the hotter becomes your desire of action and of retaliation. At first you go to work blindly, and miss your aim, at which the crowd sets up a laugh; but you gradually become more circumspect, and you learn to send down your shovelful pat on the top of a hat, or the middle of a face; and as you go on, a positive fever of fun and mischief takes hold of you, and you shovel away, fling out your ladlefuls or empty baskets on the heads of your adversaries, until your arms are dropping off, your whole frame is bathed in perspiration, and you "give in," not from any relaxing of the aggressive disposition on your part, but from simple and utter weariness, and incapacity for any further exertion. Every particle of your outer man is, of course, white with chalk, which has even plastered your face, the mask of iron wire not sufficing to do more than partially intercept the constant stream of missiles directed against it. As to the streets, they are, by the end of the day, literally covered, to the depth of several inches, with a layer of crushed and pulverised *coriandoli*. And so ends this famous fete, a tissue of absurdities, undoubtedly; yet so full of vigorous and hearty fun, of the delight of unreflecting, spontaneous, cobweb-destroying excitement, and the mere pleasure of living and moving, that the sober-minded Anglo-Saxon cannot help wishing, after having forgotten his habitual gravity and propriety, and shared in the exuberant movement and mirthfulness of the time, that it were possible for the busy workers and thinkers who do so large a portion of the world's hard work, more frequently to throw off the deadening influence of constant occupation, and share the pleasure and benefit resulting from hearty and genial physial and social existence enjoyed for itself alone, and thus renew their strength and elasticity through that "healing" which nothing but relaxation can bestow.

LATEST NEWS OF "THE SPIRITS."

As so much seems to have been said on your side the water, of the Baron Guldenstubbe and his sister, it may be interesting to your readers to know that the friends of these two "mediums" determined, a week or two ago, to form themselves into a sort of Association, which was to hold regular meetings under their leadership, with a view to obtaining "manifestations," "spiritual" instruction, and so forth. People were to become members of the new society on payment of an entrance-fee of 5 francs, and a monthly subscription of 2 francs; what was to be done with this money was not clearly apparent, but it was to be paid into the hands of Baron Guldenstubbe, at whose house the Society was to meet. Soon after the idea had been started, it was determined to raise the entrance fee to 20 francs, at which, however, many of those who had resigned themselves to the idea of the 5 franc fee, and the monthly subscription, began to look a little grave; and it is said that not a single subscriber came forward with the sum thus fixed on. Difficulties, too, arose in the finding of a President; most of the *affides* wished the Baron to be President, but this honor the Baron has resolutely declined. Altogether, the thing has proved a failure; and between the Presidential difficulty and the non-appearance of the 20 franc pieces, the whole idea has had to be given up.

As to Mr. Home—who really has married a Russian Princess, apparently one with some money, as he is living comfortably with his wife in London—he seems to be working greater wonders than ever. I copy the following *verbatim*, from a letter just received from a friend of mine, wife of one of the members of the present Cabinet, the letter being addressed to a common friend now in Paris, but just about returning to London.

"Our own manifestations now may be pronounced *marvellous*, I may say *miraculous*. Our home circle (eight or ten persons, always the same,) meet now on Monday evenings, either at the Homes' or with me. We have made it in no way public, and admit no strangers, as it is for our individual development as mediums. Please tell this to the Guldenstubbes with my love. Last Monday our drawing-room table was lifted up, and floated in the air! They then asked a friend of mine to sit upon it, a man as large and heavy as Thackeray, and they raised it with him upon it. As I thanked them for their wonderful manifestations, bringing conviction to doubters, my dear father's spirit took my chair and lifted me with it like lightning; no human hands could have moved anything thus; and when I drew near the table again, he placed one hand on one of my knees, and clasped my other hand with his, taking up the gauze flounce of my dress to cover my hand, so that I might not be at first startled by direct contact. My dearest child has not only continually taken my hand, has taken a bracelet of beads off my arm, has kept it half an hour, then wound it himself round my arm, but was enabled, through God's merciful permission to show me part of his hand, and I saw his dear little fingers, the tips of them, as far as the first joint. But we have much, *much* more to tell you, which I will reserve till I see you, as you are coming so soon."

QUANTUM.

☞ The following occurred in a school near London:

*Teacher*—What part of speech is the word egg?

*Boy* (hesitating)—Noun, sir.

*Teacher*—What is its gender?

*Boy* (perplexed)—Can't tell, sir.

*Teacher*—Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?

*Boy* (looking sharp)—Can't say, sir, till it's hatched.

☞ The poor birds are not a very bold race, yet a great many of them *die game*.

☞ A lady who had been subpœnaed as a witness on a trial, asked her husband, in great trepidation, what she should say if the lawyers inquired her age. "Say," he replied, "why tell them you haven't yet reached the years of discretion."

☞ To explain the facilities of travel which mark the age, a tourist said that during the present year he had eaten a sandwich on the top of the great pyramid in Egypt, drunk the health of Queen Victoria on the verge of the crater of Vesuvius, and been rather sharply scolded by his wife on the summit of Mont Blanc!

☞ A HAPPY FIRESIDE.—Home is the residence, not merely of the body, but of the heart; it is a place for the affections to unfold and develope themselves; for children to love, and learn, and play in; for husband and wife to toil smilingly together, and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home; if we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

☞ "Well, I know nothing about men's hair," said old Mrs. Grimchick to an acquaintance of the scandal tribe; "but there's our friend Mrs. Davis, who has been just twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years, to my knowledge. Her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense that her hair turned completely black within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event. Singular, wasn't it?"—"Very!" replied the other. "Isn't there a hairdresser's shop at the corner of the street?"

☞ The Duke of W. was staying in a country house, that was situated among the most beautiful scenery. His host asked him one morning, if he should like to see the ruins of ——, some ten miles distant? He replied, "By all means. Pray treat me, whilst I am your guest, as you would your portmanteau while travelling—stuff me as full as you can, and take me everywhere with you."

☞ A man speaking of a place out West, in a letter which he writes home, says that it is a perfect paradise, and that though most all the folks have the fever 'n-ager, yet it's a great blessing, for it's the only exercise they take.

☞ A pious young man, visiting a prison in Maine, inquired of some of the prisoners the cause of their being in such a place. A small girl's answer was, that "she stole a saw mill, and went back after the pond, and was detected."

☞ A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers as to the derivation of the term Mormon, but none of them have so satisfactorily solved the difficulty as one of our Scotch friends, who states that it arose from the female portion of the community denouncing polygamy and demanding "*more mon*."

☞ Here is one accusation which I must sorrowfully bring against women, as being much more guilty than men. We can keep a secret—ay, against all satire, I protest we can—*while the confider remains our friend;* but, if that tie ceases, POP! out it comes!—*Miss Muloch.*

☞ An Irish servant having entered the drawing-room with the mistress's favorite poodle wringing wet, "How is this, Bridget; how came Fido to get so very wet?" inquired the lady. "An' faith, mem, an' it was little Tommy that had the tiny baste lashed to the end of a powl, and was washing the winders wid him."

☞ A person was once rebuked by another for smoking; the smoker replied that he used the weed "in moderation." "What do you call moderation?" inquired the other. "Why, sir," replied the smoker, "one cigar at a time."

☞ A printer's apprentice says that at the office they charge him with all the *pi* they *do* find, and at the house they charge him with all they *don't* find. He does not understand that kind of logic.

☞ A club boat has just been built, which is so nicely balanced, that the rowers are obliged to be particular in parting their hair down in the middle to keep it from upsetting.

☞ A man lately made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire-engine. He was asked, "What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing fires?" "Well, it rains sometimes," he replied, with great simplicity.

☞ A railroad conductor having insulted a lady passenger, she said, indignantly, that the company which owned that road should not see another cent of her money. "How so?" said the conductor, "how can you manage it?" "Hereafter," replied the lady, "instead of buying a ticket at the office, I shall pay my fare to you."

☞ One good deed cannot compensate for a life of crime; a single ounce of gum is not enough to embalm a whole catacomb of mummies.

☞ Kissing is a custom handed down to us from the Greeks and Romans, as to the true signification of which we are not perfectly clear. Probably it is symbolic of the sun's rays greeting the earth; and if so, doubtless was received, with all the other lore of sun-worship, from the Orientals.

☞ Wealth is not generally acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprizes, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality, and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and whosoever relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.

☞ BURIAL IN A SITTING POSTURE.—I can give two instances of nations burying their dead sitting. The Nasamones, a Libyan tribe, who were said by Herodotus to bury their dead sitting, and to be careful to prevent any one dying in a reclining position; and the Japanese, who bury their dead sitting, and carry them to the grave in a kind of sedan-chair.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ A woman is like tar—melt her and she will take any form you please.

☞ The franking privilege originated in England in the year 1760. Under it members of Parliament used to frank "entire books and packs of hounds." In this country, the privilege extends only to the franking of public documents, washing, and cans of oysters.

# FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY INGLEBY SCOTT.

*From "Once a Week"—an English Journal.*

Florence Nightingale will be, through all time to come, the Representative Nurse *par excellence!* In her case it is a special calling, in virtue of natural capacity, moral and intellectual at once. She did not set out from any chosen starting point. She did not propose to earn her own salvation by a life of good works. She was not incited by visions of a religious life in a favored monastic community. She did not aspire to take in hand a department of human misery, in order to extinguish it, and then look about to see what particular misery it should be. She does not appear to have had any plans relating to herself at all. Nor was she overtaken by the plague in a village; nor did she overtake a fever in a village in the course of her travels, like her representative sisters of an earlier time; nor did she do the work of the occasion, and re-enter ordinary life as if nothing had happened. Her case is special and singular in every way.

Her childhood and youth were very much like those of little girls who have wealthy parents, and carefully chosen governesses, and good masters, and much travel—in short, all facilities for intellectual cultivation by study and extended intercourse with society, at home and abroad.

The peculiarity in the case of herself and her nearest relatives seems to be their having been reared in an atmosphere of sincerity and freedom—of reality, in fact,—which is more difficult to obtain than might be thought.—There was a certain force and sincerity of character in the elder members on both sides of the house which could not but affect the formation of the children's characters; and in this case there was a governess also whose lofty rectitude and immaculate truthfulness commanded the reverence of all who knew her.

In childhood a domestic incident disclosed to the honest-minded little girl what her liking was, and she followed the lead of her natural taste. She took care of all cuts and bruises, and nursed all illness within her reach; and there is always a good deal of these things within the reach of country gentry who are wealthy and benevolent. For the usual term of young-lady life, Florence Nightingale did as other young ladies. She saw Italy, and looked at its monuments; she once went to Egypt and Greece with the Bracebridges; she visited in society, and went to Court. But her heart was not in the apparent objects of her life—not in travel for amusement, nor in art. In literature, books which disclosed life and its miseries, and character with its sufferings, burnt themselves in upon her mind, and created much of her future effort. She was never resorted to for sentiment. Sentimentalists never had a chance with her. Besides that, her character was too strong, and its quality too real for any sympathy with shallowness and egotism, who had two characteristics which might well daunt the sentimentalists—her reserve and her capacity for ridicule. Ill would they have fared who had come to her for responsive sympathies about sentiment, or even real woes in which no practical help was proposed; and there is perhaps nothing uttered by her, from her evidence before the Sanitary Commission for the Army to her recently published "Notes on Nursing," which does not disclose powers of irony which self-regardant persons may well dread.

Such force and earnestness must find or make a career. She evidently believes, as all persons of genius do, that she found it, while others say she made it. Philosophy will hereafter reconcile the two in her case and many others. As a matter of fact, while other young ladies were busy, and perhaps better employed than usual in enjoying the Great Exhibition, she was in the Kaiserswerth Institution, on the Rhine, going through the training for nursing, and investigating the methods of organization there and elsewhere.

The strongest sensation she perhaps ever excited among her personal acquaintance was when she undertook to set up the Sanitarium in Harley Street, (London,) and left home to superintend the establishment. Her first work there was chiefly financial: and the powers of administration she manifested were a complete justification of what she had done in leaving her father's house to become what people called the matron of a charity. At first, common-minded people held up hands and eyes as if she had done something almost scandalous. Between that day and this, they must have discovered that she could exalt any function, and that no function could lower her. She rectified the accounts, paid the debts, and brought all round; and she always had leisure to help and comfort the sick ladies in the house. At one time, I remember, there was not a case in the house which was not hopeless; but there was no sign of dismay in Florence Nightingale. She completed her task, showing unconsciously by it how a woman as well as a man may be born to administration and command.

By a sort of treachery only too common in the visitors of celebrated people, we have all seen the letter of Mr. Sidney Herbert, in 1854, entreating Miss Nightingale to go—accompanied by her friends the Bracebridges, who are familiar with life in the East—to Turkey, to minister among the sick and wounded of our army. How soon she was ready, and how she and her band of nurses went, and were just in time to receive the wounded from Inkermann, no Englishman forgets. No man of any nation concerned will ever forget her subsequent services. She had against her not only a chaos of disorder in which to move, and a hell of misery around her to relieve, but special difficulties in the jealousy of the medical officers, the rawness of the nurses so hastily collected, and the incompatibilities of the volunteer ladies who started on the enterprise with her or after her. On the state of the hospitals it can, I hope, never be necessary to enlarge again. We all know how, under her superintendence, places became clean and airy, and persons cleanly, clothed, fed, and afforded some chance of recovery from maladies or wounds. While history abides, the image of Florence Nightingale, lamp in hand, going through miles of beds, night by night, noting every patient as she went, and ministering wherever most wanted, will always glow in men's hearts; and the sayings of the men about her will be traditions for future generations to enjoy.

She did not, like Mrs. Mompesson, sink down and die in the midst of the scene; nor did she, like Mary Pickard, return into ordinary life for the rest of a long career. She was prostrated by the Crimean fever at Balaklava, and carried up to the hospital on the cliffs till she began to mend, when she was taken to sea. She would not come home, because her work at Scutari was not finished. She remained there till the end of the war, by which time she and her military and medical coadjutors had shown what hospitals may be, and how low the rate of mortality of an army may be reduced, even in time of war.

She has never recovered from that fever; and for some years she has been confined by severe and increasing illness. Not the less has she worked, steadily and most efficiently. She cannot fulfil her aim,—of training nurses in an institution of her own, and thus raising up a body of successors. The grateful people of England supplied the means, without her knowledge or desire—which was the same thing as imposing a new service upon her. She wished to decline it when she found how little likely her health was to improve. Her letter to the trustees of the fund must be fresh in all memories, and the reply of the trustees, who satisfied her that the money was accumulating, and the plan and the public able and willing to wait. If she could not do this particular work, she has done many others. Her written evidence before the Sanitary Commission for the Army is a great work in itself. So are various reforms urged on the military authorities by her and her coadjutors, and now adopted by the War Office. Reforms in the Indian army are about to follow. The lives thus saved no one will attempt to number; and the amount of misery and vice precluded by her scientific humanity is past all estimate.

Her "Notes on Nursing," prepared and issued in illness and pain, are the crowning evidence of what she is and can do. Hitherto we have, I trust, appreciated and honored her acts; now we are enabled to perceive and appreciate the quality of her mind. It was as certain before as it can ever be, that she must have acquired no little science, in various departments, to produce the effects she wrought; but we see it all now.

We see also, much more clearly than ever, her moral characteristics. I will not describe them when they can be so much better seen in her "Notes on Nursing." Any one who reads those Notes without being moved in the depths of his heart, will not understand the writer of them by any amount of description; and those who have been so moved, do not need and will not tolerate it. The intense and exquisite humanity to the sick, underlying the glorious common sense about affairs, and the stern insight into the weaknesses and the perversions of the healthy, troubled as they are by the sight of suffering, and sympathising with themselves instead of the patient, lay open a good deal of the secret of this wonderful woman's life and power. We begin to see how a woman, anything but robust at any time, *may have been able, as well as willing,* to undertake whatever was most repulsive and most agonizing in the care of wounded soldiers, and crowds of cholera patients. We see how her minute economy and attention to the smallest details are reconcilable with the magnitude of her administration, and the comprehensiveness of her plans for hospital establishments, and for the reduction of the national rate of mortality. As the lives of the sick hang on small things, she is as earnest about the quality of a cup of arrow-root, and the opening and shutting of doors, as about the institution of a service between the commissariat and the regimental, which shall ensure an army against being starved when within reach of food. In the mind of a true nurse, nothing is too great or too small to be attended to with all diligence; and therefore we have seen Florence Nightingale doing, and insisting upon, the right about shirts and towels, spoon-meats and the boiling of rice; and largely aiding in reducing the mortality of the army from nineteen in the thousand to eight, in time of peace.

In the spirit and tone of this book we see, too, how it is that, with all her fame, we have known so little of the woman herself. Where it is of use to tell any piece of her own experience, she tells it; and these scraps of autobiography will be eagerly seized upon by all kinds of readers; but, except for the purpose of direct utility, she never speaks of herself, more or less, or even discloses any of her opinions, views, or feelings. This reserve is a great distinction in these days of self-exposure, and descanting on personal experiences. It is the best possible rebuke to the egotism, or the sentimentality, which has led several to imagine that they could be nurses, without having tried whether they could bear the discipline. Her pure, undisguised common sense, and her keen perception of all deviations from common sense, may have turned back more or fewer women from the nursing vocation: but this is probably an unmixed good; for those who could be thus turned back were obviously unfit to proceed. She is the representative of those only who are nurses; that is, capable of the hardest and highest duties and sacrifices which women can undertake from love to their race.

In the end she will have won over far more than she can have (most righteously and mercifully) discouraged. Generations of women, for centuries to come, will be the better, the more helpful, and the more devoted for Florence Nightingale having lived; and no small number of each generation will try their strength on that difficult path of beneficence which she has opened, and on which her image will for ever stand to show the way.

☞ TOO BAD!—"There is more in that fellow's head, Sam, than you imagine," said Dick of a sleepy looking fellow standing by. "That may be," replied the other, gravely, "but I always suspected he had 'em."

☞ A householder in a Western village, in filling up his census schedule under the column headed "Where born," described one of his children as "born in the parlor," and the other "up stairs."

# THE VISION OF CHARLES XI.

## AN HISTORICAL FACT.

In general we laugh at supernatural visions and apparitions. There are some, however, so well attested, that in refusing to give them credence, we should, in order to be consistent, be obliged to reject in a mass all historical evidence.

A written statement in full form, signed by four witnesses, worthy of every belief, vouches for the authenticity of the fact I am about to relate. I must add that the prediction therein contained was known and quoted long before the events which took place near our own time were accomplished.

Charles XI., father of the famous Charles XII., was one of the most despotic, but at the same time, one of the wisest sovereigns ever possessed by Sweden. He restrained the enormous privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the Senate, and administered laws on his own authority: in a word, he changed the constitution of the country, which had been an oligarchy, and forced the government to confer upon him absolute authority. Besides this, he was a man of an enlightened mind, brave, strongly attached to the Lutheran religion, but of a character inflexible, cold, decided, and entirely destitute of imagination.

He had just lost his wife, Ulrica Eleanora. Although his harshness to this princess had, it was said, hastened her end, he esteemed her much, and appeared touched at her death; a weakness scarcely to be expected in so cold a heart. Since this event he had become more sombre and taciturn than ever, giving himself up to business with an application which betrayed a craving desire to rid himself of painful thoughts.

Towards the end of an autumn evening, he was seated in his dressing-gown and slippers, before a large fire in his cabinet at the Palace of Stockholm, attended by his chamberlain the Count Brahe, whom he honored with his favor, and his physician, Baumgarten, who, be it said, *en passant*, would have had the world doubt everything except the power of medicine. This evening he had been called in about some trifling indisposition, the name of which has not transpired. The evening was drawing to a close, and the king, contrary to his custom, had not yet given them a sign that it was time for them to retire. With lowered head, and eyes fixed upon the dying embers, he kept a profound silence, tired of his company, but fearing, he knew not why, to be alone. The Count Brahe perceiving that his presence was not very agreeable, had already several times expressed his fears that his Majesty needed repose, but a gesture from the king had kept him in his place. In his turn the physician spoke of the pernicious effect late hours had upon the health, but Charles answered him between his teeth—"Remain where you are; as yet I have no wish to sleep."

Different subjects of conversation were now tried; all, however, were exhausted before they reached the second or third sentence. It was evident that his Majesty was in one of his dark moods, and in such circumstances the position of a courtier is very delicate. The Count Brahe fancying that the sadness of the king arose from his regret for the loss of his *wife, fixed his eye for some time upon the portrait* of the queen, which hung in the cabinet, exclaiming, with a deep sigh,

"How that portrait resembles her! Look at that expression! at once so majestic, and so gentle!"

"Bah!" said the king, abruptly, who heard a reproach each time the name of the queen was pronounced.

"That portrait is too flattering! The queen was ugly!"

Then angry with himself for his harshness, he rose and walked round the room to hide an emotion for which he blushed; then, stopping before a window which looked down upon the court, he looked out. The night was dark, and the moon, in her first quarter, cast a pale and trembling light around.

The palace now occupied by the kings of Sweden was not yet completed, and Charles XI., who had commenced it, inhabited the ancient palace situated at the point of Ritterholm, which overlooks Lake Moeler. It is a noble building, in the form of a horse-shoe. The cabinet of the king was at one of the extremities of the palace, and nearly facing it was the grand hall where the estates assembled when they received orders from the crown.

The windows of the hall seemed at this moment bright with a vivid light. To the king this appeared strange. He supposed at first that this light was produced by the torch of some valet. But what could he be doing at such an hour in a hall which had not been opened for a long time? Besides, the glare was too vivid to proceed from a single torch. It could only be attributed to a fire, but where was the smoke? the glass windows were not broken, not a sound was to be heard—everything seemed to proclaim a formal and carefully prepared illumination.

Charles regarded these windows some time without speaking. The Count Brahe, however, extended his hand towards the bell-rope, wishing to ring for a page to inquire the cause of this singular light, but the king stopped him.

"I will go myself into this hall."

In saying these words, they saw him grow paler, and his face expressed a kind of religious awe. Notwithstanding this, he went out with a firm step—the chamberlain and the physician following, each carrying a lighted taper.

The porter who had charge of the keys had already retired to rest. Baumgarten went to awake him, with orders from the king to open immediately the doors of the great hall of state. The surprise of the man was great at this unexpected order, but, dressing himself in haste, he joined the king with his bunch of keys. First, he opened the door of a gallery which served as an ante-chamber to the hall. The king entered, but what was his astonishment on seeing the walls entirely draped in black!

"Who has given orders to have the hall hung thus?" demanded he, in an angry tone.

"Sire, nobody that I know of," replied the porter, trembling; "the last time I swept the gallery it was wainscoted with oak, as it has always been. Certainly, these hangings don't belong to the furniture of your Majesty."

But the king, with rapid strides, had already traversed nearly half the gallery. The count and the porter followed him closely, the physician Baumgarten was a little in the rear, divided between the fear of being alone and that of exposing himself to the consequences of an adventure which had already so strange a commencement.

"Do not go farther, Sire!" cried the porter. "Upon my soul, there is sorcery going on in there! At this hour, and since the death of the queen, your gracious wife, they say she walks in this gallery—God protect us!"

"Stop, Sire!" cried the count, in his turn, "do you not hear that strange noise which echoes from the hall of state? Who knows to what dangers your Majesty exposes yourself?"

"Sire," said Baumgarten, whose candle had been nearly extinguished by a sudden puff of wind, "permit me at least to procure you a score of your guards."

"Enter!" said the king, in a firm voice.—Halting before the door of the great hall, and turning to the porter, he said, in a voice of authority, "Open this door." He kicked it with his foot, and the noise repeated by the echoes of the vaulted roof resounded through the gallery like the boom of a cannon.

The porter trembled so much that his key beat against the lock to which he in vain attempted to fit it.

"An old soldier, and trembling thus!" said Charles, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, count, open this door for us.

"Sire," answered the count, recoiling a step, "if your Majesty had commanded me to march to the mouth of a Danish or German cannon, I would obey without hesitation; but these are the powers of darkness that you would have me defy."

The king snatched the keys from the hands of the porter.

"I know well," said he, in a tone of scorn, "that these things concern me alone." And before his attendants could prevent him, he had opened the heavy oaken door, and entered the great hall, pronouncing these words,—"With the help of God!"

His three followers, possessed by a curiosity stronger than fear, and perhaps ashamed to abandon their king, entered with him.

The great hall was lighted by an infinite number of torches. Black hangings had replaced the antique tapestry; the flags of Germany, Denmark and Russia, the trophies of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus, were hung, as usual, in order on the walls. Conspicuous in the midst were the banners of Sweden, covered with a funeral crape, but a sight as startling to behold as it is incredible to relate, met the eyes of the king and his companions. An immense assembly crowded the benches. The four orders of the estates, the nobility, the clergy, the merchants, and the peasantry, were seated, every one according to his rank, all were draped in black. And this multitude of human faces, which appeared luminous upon the sombre background, so dazzled the eyes, that the four witnesses of this extraordinary scene could not distinguish in the crowd one *familiar figure. Thus, an actor facing a* numerous public, only sees a confused mass, where his eyes cannot discover a single individual.

Upon the raised throne where the king usually harangued the assembly, they saw a bleeding corpse, robed in the insignia of royalty. On its right stood a little child, with a glistening crown on its head, holding a sceptre. On the left an old man, or rather another phantom leant against the throne. He was clothed in the robes of state worn by the ancient administrators of the laws of Sweden. In front of the throne several persons of a grave and austere demeanor, draped in long black robes, and who appeared to be judges, were seated before a table, loaded with huge folios and parchments. Between the throne and the benches of the assembly, a block was placed, covered with black crape. An axe resting ominously near.

No one in this terrible and supernatural assembly had seemed to perceive the presence of Charles and the three persons who accompanied him. Upon their entry the latter had heard nothing at first but a confused murmur, in the midst of which it was impossible for the ear to distinguish a distinct syllable; but now one of the oldest of the judges in the long black robes, who appeared to hold the office of president, rose, and struck his hand three times upon an open volume before him. A profound silence as of death fell upon all around. Then there entered the hall, by a door opposite to that opened by Charles XI., several young men of noble presence and habiliments, with their hands bound behind their backs. They walked with head erect and fearless aspect. Behind them a man of athletic proportions, clothed in a doublet of brown leather, held the ends of the cords which bound their hands.

He who marched the first, and who seemed to be the most important of the prisoners, stopped in the middle of the hall before the block, which he viewed with a superb disdain. At this moment the corpse appeared to tremble with a convulsive movement, and a fresh stream of blood flowed from its wound. The young man knelt down and bent his head, the axe glittered in the air, and fell with a dull and heavy sound; a rivulet of blood spouted out upon the dais of the throne, and mingled with that of the royal corpse, while the severed head rolled over the ensanguined ground to the very feet of Charles, staining them with blood. Until this moment surprise had rendered him mute; but, at this horrible scene, speech returned to him. He made several steps towards the dais, and, addressing himself to the figure robed in the mantle of the Administrator of Laws, he pronounced boldly the well-known formula: "*If thou art of God, speak; if thou art of Evil, begone, and leave us in peace!*"

The phantom replied slowly, and in a voice of deep solemnity—"CHARLES, KING OF SWEDEN, this blood will not flow in your reign, (here the voice became less distinct,) but five reigns after—Woe, woe, woe, to the House of Vasa!" Then the forms of the numerous personages of this marvellous assembly gradually became less clear, and seemed already fading into faintly-colored shadows; soon they vanished into air. The spectral flambeaux were extinguished by invisible hands, and those of Charles and his suite alone remained, shedding a dim light upon the dusty and time-worn tapestry, that moved to and fro with every gust of wind. They still heard for some time a melodius yet melancholy sound, which one of the witnesses compared to the murmuring of the breeze among the leaves; and another, to the sounds made by the breaking strings of a harp. All were unanimous as to the duration of the apparition, which they decided to have been about ten minutes. The black drapery, the decapitated head, the blood that had reddened the ground, all had disappeared with the phantoms—the slipper of Charles alone retained a red stain—the only mark which remained to recall to his mind the scenes of that fearful night, if they had not been already too well graven on his memory.

When he returned to his cabinet, the king made a written statement of what he had seen—a statement which was signed by his companions and himself.

Notwithstanding the precautions which were taken to hide the contents of this statement from the public, they were soon well known, *even during the lifetime* of Charles XI.; *it still exists, and up to the present day, no one has ever raised a doubt as to its authenticity.* The words that end it are remarkable—"And if what I relate," says the king, "is not the exact truth, I renounce all hope of a happier life hereafter—a life which I have merited by many good deeds, and, above all, by the zeal with which I have worked for the happiness of my people, and to sustain the interests of the religion of my ancestors."

Now, when we recall to memory the death of Gustavus III., and the sentence of Ankarstroim, his assassin, we shall find something more than an affinity between this event and the circumstances of that singular prophecy.

The young man beheaded in presence of the estates must have been intended to represent Ankarstroim.

The crowned corpse, Gustavus III.

The child, his son and successor, Gustavus Adolphus IV.

Lastly, the old man could have been no other than the uncle of Gustavus IV., regent of the kingdom, and, after the deposition of his nephew, king of Sweden.

Verily, the English poet said well, and there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. C. D.

## A COUNTRY COTTAGE.

The stream ripples bright by my cottage,
The sunshine is bright on the stream;
And the wee pebbly stones, in the sunshine,
Like diamonds sparkle and gleam.
There are hazel trees kissing the water,
And plumes of the fair meadow-sweet;
And down by the hazels sits Jeanie,
And dabbles her little white feet.

The robin peeps in at my door-way;
The linnet looks down from the tree;
And here, pillowed up in his cradle,
Wee Sandy sits smiling at me.
My milk-pail stands bright in the corner,
My tins are all bright on the shelf;
And the white supper-cloth on my table
Is clean, for I washed it myself.

BOY LOVE.—"One of the queerest and funniest things to think of in after life, is boy love. No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to ape mannish ways. He casts side glances at the tall girls he may meet; becomes a regular attendant at church or meeting; carries a cane, holds his head erect, and struts a little in his walk. Presently, and how very soon, he falls in love; yes, falls is a proper word, because it best indicates his happy, delirious self-abasement. He lives now in a fairy region, somewhat collateral to the world, and yet blended somehow inextricably with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essence over his handkerchief, and desperately shaves and anoints for a beard. He quotes poetry, in which 'love,' 'dove,' and 'heart,' and 'dart,' peculiarly predominate; and he plunges deeper in the delicious labyrinth—fancies himself filled with the divine afflatus, and suddenly breaks into a scarlet rash—of rhyme. He feeds upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to the seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word; is betrayed into the most astounding ecstacies by a smile, and is plunged into the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown. He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. There was never such another. There never will be. He is one great idolater! He is the very type of magnanimity."

LITTLE GRAVES.—Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations are the little graves in the churchyard, says a writer. They are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joy, half unfolded buds of innocence, humanity nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a canker worm of corruption has nestled among its embryo petals. Callous, indeed, must be the heart of him who can stand by a little grave-side and not have the holiest emotions of the soul awakened to thoughts of purity and joy which belong alone to God and Heaven, for the mute preacher at his feet tells of life begun and ended without stain; and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourner among us! How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy while standing by the earth-bed of lost little ones! Mournful, because a sweet treasure has been taken away—joyful, because that precious jewel glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

☞ There are some to whose eye external nature, which is but the garment of the Creator, by the very grace and amplitude of its foldings, seems to conceal the feet of Divinity.

# NOTES ON NURSING:

AND

## The Best Means of Preserving Health.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

X.—CLEANLINESS OF ROOMS AND WALLS.

CLEANLINESS OF CARPETS AND FURNITURE.—It cannot be necessary to tell a nurse that she should be clean, or that she should keep her patient clean,—seeing that the greater part of nursing consists in preserving cleanliness. No ventilation can freshen a room or ward where the most scrupulous cleanliness is not observed. Unless the wind be blowing through the windows at the rate of twenty miles an hour, dusty carpets, dirty wainscots, musty curtains and furniture, will infallibly produce a close smell. I have lived in a large and expensively furnished London house, where the only constant inmate in two very lofty rooms, with opposite windows, was myself, and yet, owing to the above-mentioned dirty circumstances, no opening windows could ever keep those rooms free from closeness; but the carpet and curtains having been turned out of the rooms altogether, they became instantly as fresh as could be wished. It is pure nonsense to say that in London a room cannot be kept clean. Many of our hospitals show the exact reverse.

DUST NEVER REMOVED NOW.—But no particle of dust is ever or can ever be removed or really got rid of by the present system of dusting. Dusting in these days means nothing but flapping the dust from one part of a room on to another, with doors and windows closed.—What you do it for I cannot think. You had much better leave the dust alone, if you are not going to take it away altogether. For, from the time a room begins to be a room up to the time when it ceases to be one, no one atom of dust ever actually leaves its precincts. Tidying a room means nothing now but removing a thing from one place, which it has kept clean for itself, on to another and a dirtier one.* Flapping by way of cleaning is only admissible in the case of pictures, or anything made of paper. The only way I know to *remove* dust, the plague of all lovers of fresh air, is to wipe everything with a damp cloth. And all furniture ought to be so made as that it may be wiped with a damp cloth without injury to itself, and so polished as that it may be damped without injury to others. To dust, as it is now practised, truly means to distribute dust more equally over a room.

FLOORS.—As to floors, the only really clean floor I know is the Berlin *lackered* floor, which is wet rubbed and dry rubbed every morning to remove the dust. The French *parquet* is always more or less dusty, although infinitely superior in point of cleanliness and healthiness to our absorbent floor.

For a sick room, a carpet is perhaps the worst expedient which could by any possibility have been invented. *If you must have a carpet, the only safety is to take it up two or three* times a year, instead of once. A dirty carpet literally infects the room. And if you consider the enormous quantity of organic matter from the feet of people coming in, which must saturate it, this is by no means surprising.

PAPERED, PLASTERED, OR PAINTED WALLS.—*As for walls, the worst is the papered wall*: the next worst is plaster. But the plaster can be redeemed by frequent lime-washing; the paper requires frequent renewing. A glazed paper gets rid of a good deal of the danger. But the ordinary bed-room paper is all that it ought *not* to be.†

The close connection between ventilation and cleanliness is shown in this. An ordinary light paper will last clean much longer if there is an Arnott's ventilator in the chimney than it otherwise would.

The best wall now extant is oil paint. From this you can wash the animal exuvie.‡

These are what make a room musty.

BEST KIND OF WALL FOR A SICK-ROOM.—The best wall for a sick-room or ward that could be made is pure white non-absorbent cement or glass, or glazed tiles, if they were made slightly enough.

Air can be soiled just like water. If you blow into water you will soil it with the animal matter from your breath. So it is with air. Air is always soiled in a room where walls and carpets are saturated with animal exhalations.

Want of cleanliness, then, in rooms and wards, which you have to guard against, may arise in three ways.

1. DIRTY AIR FROM WITHOUT.—Dirty air coming in from without, soiled by sewer emanations, the evaporation from dirty streets, smoke, bits of unburnt fuel, bits of straw, bits of horse dung.

BEST KIND OF WALL FOR A HOUSE.—If people would but cover the outside walls of their houses with plain or encaustic tiles, what an incalculable improvement would there be in light, cleanliness, dryness, warmth, and consequently economy. The play of a fire-engine would then effectually wash the outside of a house. This kind of *walling* would stand next to paving in improving the health of towns.

2. DIRTY AIR FROM WITHIN.—Dirty air coming from within, from dust, which you often displace, but never remove. And this recalls what ought to be a *sine qua non*. Have as few ledges in your room or ward as possible. And under no pretence have any ledge whatever out of sight. Dust accumulates there, and will never be wiped off. This is a certain way to soil the air. Besides this, the animal exhalations from your inmates saturate your furniture. And if you never clean your furniture properly, how can your rooms or wards be anything but musty? Ventilate as you please, the rooms will never be sweet. Besides this, there is a constant *degradation*, as it is called, taking place from everything except polished or glazed articles—*E. g.*, in coloring certain green papers arsenic is used. Now in the very dust even, which is lying about in rooms hung with this kind of green paper, arsenic has been distinctly detected. You see your dust is anything but harmless; yet you will let such dust lie about your ledges for months, your rooms for ever.

Again, the fire fills the room with coal-dust.

3. DIRTY AIR FROM THE CARPET.—Dirty air coming from the carpet. Above all, take care of the carpets, that the animal dirt left there by the feet of visitors does not stay there. Floors, unless the grain is filled up and polished, are just as bad. The smell from the floor of a school-room or ward, when any moisture brings out the organic matter by which it is saturated, might alone be enough to warn us of the mischief that is going on.

The outer air, then, can only be kept clean by sanitary improvements, and by consuming smoke. The expense in soap, which this single improvement would save, is quite incalculable.

The inside air can only be kept clean by excessive care in the ways mentioned above—to rid the walls, carpets, furniture, ledges, &c., of the organic matter and dust—dust consisting greatly of this organic matter—with which they become saturated, and which is what really makes the room musty.

Without cleanliness, you cannot have all the effect of ventilation; without ventilation, you can have no thorough cleanliness.

Very few people, be they of what class they may, have any idea of the exquisite cleanliness required in the sick-room. For much of what I have said applies less to the hospital than to the private sick-room. The smoky chimney, the dusty furniture, the utensils emptied but once a day, often keep the air of the sick constantly dirty in the best private houses.

The well have a curious habit of forgetting that what is to them but a trifling inconvenience, to be patiently "put up" with, is to the sick a source of suffering, delaying recovery, if not actually hastening death. The well are scarcely ever more than eight hours, at most, in the same room. Some change they can always make, if only for a few minutes. Even during the supposed eight hours, they can change their posture of their position in the room. But the sick man who never leaves his bed, who cannot change by any movement of his own his air, or his light, or his warmth; who cannot obtain quiet, or get out of the smoke, or the smell, or the dust; he is really poisoned or depressed by what is to you the merest trifle.

"What can't be cured must be endured," is the very worst and most dangerous maxim for a nurse which ever was made. Patience and resignation in her are but other words for carelessness or indifference—contemptible, if in regard to herself; culpable, if in regard to her sick.

XI.—PERSONAL CLEANLINESS.

POISONING BY THE SKIN.—In almost all diseases, the function of the skin is, more or less, disordered; and in many most important diseases nature relieves herself almost entirely by the skin. This is particularly the case with children. But the excretion, which comes from the skin, is left there, unless removed by washing or by the clothes. Every nurse should keep this fact constantly in mind,—for, if she allow her sick to remain unwashed, or their clothing to remain on them after being saturated with perspiration or other excretion, she is interfering injuriously with the natural processes of health just as effectually as if she were to give the patient a dose of slow poison by the mouth. Poisoning by the skin is no less certain than poisoning by the mouth—only it is slower in its operation.

The amount of relief and comfort experienced by sick after the skin has been carefully washed and dried, is one of the commonest observations made at a sick bed. But it must not be forgotten that the comfort and relief so obtained are not all. They are, in fact, nothing more than a sign that the vital powers have been relieved by removing something that was oppressing them. The nurse, therefore, must never put off attending to the personal cleanliness of her patient under the plea that all that is to be gained is a little relief, which can be quite as well given later.

In all well-regulated hospitals this ought to be, and generally is, attended to. But it is very generally neglected with private sick.

Just as it is necessary to renew the air around a sick person frequently, to carry off morbid effluvia from the lungs and skin, by maintaining free ventilation, so is it necessary to keep the pores of the skin free from all obstructing excretions. The object, both of ventilation and of skin-cleanliness, is pretty much the same—to wit, removing noxious matter from the system as rapidly as possible.

Care should be taken in all these operations of sponging, washing and cleansing the skin, not to expose too great a surface at once, so as to check the perspiration, which would renew the evil in another form.

The various ways of washing the sick need not here be specified—the less so as the doctors ought to say which is to be used.

In several forms of diarrhœa, dysentery, &c., where the skin is hard and harsh, the relief afforded by washing with a great deal of soft soap is incalculable. In other cases, sponging with tepid soap and water, then with tepid water and drying with a hot towel will be ordered.

Every nurse ought to be careful to wash her hands very frequently during the day. If her face, too, so much the better.

One word as to cleanliness merely as cleanliness.

STEAMING AND RUBBING THE SKIN.—Compare the dirtiness of the water in which you have washed when it is cold without soap, cold with soap, hot with soap. You will find the first has hardly removed any dirt at all, the second a little more, the third a great deal more. But hold your hand over a cup of hot water for a minute or two, and then, by merely rubbing with the finger, you will bring off flakes of dirt or dirty skin. After a vapor bath you may peel your whole self clean in this way. What I mean is, that by simply washing or sponging with water you do not really clean your skin. Take a rough towel, dip one corner in very hot water—if a little spirit be added to it, it will be more effectual—and then rub as if you were rubbing the towel into your skin with your fingers. The black flakes which will come off will convince you that you were not clean before, however much soap and water you have used. These flakes are what require removing. And you can really keep yourself cleaner with a tumbler of hot water and a rough towel and rubbing, than with a whole apparatus of bath and soap and sponge without rubbing. It is quite nonsense to say that anybody need be dirty. Patients have been kept as clean by these means on a long voyage, when a basin full of water could not be afforded, and when they could not be moved out of their berths, as if all the appurtenances of home had been at hand.

Washing, however, with a large quantity of water has quite other effects than those of mere cleanliness. The skin absorbs the water, and becomes softer and more perspirable. To wash with soap and soft water is, therefore, desirable from other points of view than that of cleanliness. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

* If you like to clean your furniture by laying out your clean clothes upon your dirty chairs or sofa, this is one way certainly of doing it. Having witnessed the morning process called "tidying the room," for many years, and with ever-increasing astonishment, I can describe what it is. From the chairs, tables, or sofa, upon which the "things" have lain during the night, and which are therefore comparatively clean from dust or blacks, the poor "*things*" having "caught" it, they are removed to other chairs, tables, sofas, upon which you could write your name with your finger in the dust or blacks. The *other* side of the "things" is therefore now evenly dirtied or dusted. The housemaid then flaps everything, or some things, not out of her reach, with a thing called a duster—the dust flies up, then re-settles more equally than it lay before the operation. The room has now been "put to rights."

† I am sure that a person who has accustomed her senses to compare atmospheres proper and improper, for the sick and for children, could tell, blindfold, the difference of the air in old painted and in old papered rooms, *cæteris paribus*. The latter will always be dusty, even with all the windows open.

‡ If you like to wipe your dirty door, or some portion of your dirty wall, by hanging up your clean gown or shawl against it on a peg, this is one way certainly, and the most usual way, and generally the only way of cleaning either door or wall in a bed room.

## AUSTRALIAN JENNY.

Over the land and over the sea,
Australian Jenny;
For have I wandered away from thee,
Australian Jenny.
I have seen the fish from the ocean peep,
And the birds fly over the briny deep;
Oft did I watch them, and sigh, and weep,
Australian Jenny.

In England there are pretty girls,
Australian Jenny;
With glancing eyes and flowing curls,
Australian Jenny;
But though they are beautiful, merry, not free,
Enchanting, bewitching, delightful to see;
Yet none of them equal in beauty to thee,
Australian Jenny.

I have got treasured up next to my heart,
Australian Jenny,
The lock of your hair which when we did part,
Australian Jenny,
You gave me so kindly, and with a sweet sigh,
Looked up in my face, with a tear in your eye—
O, come to me quickly, love, or I shall die,
Australian Jenny.

## WASHINGTON IRVING'S FIRST LOVE.

When young he became intimately acquainted with a daughter of one of the Knickerbockers of the time, sturdy in family wealth. With the young lady he pressed his suit successfully; and in time the father might have succumbed, despite the fact that he regarded the resources with which Irving proposed to support a wife too slender to maintain that style of luxury to which his daughter had been accustomed. In an evil hour, as it seemed, a Dr. Creighton, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, fell in with the gentleman whom Irving was desirous of making his father-in-law. The clergyman's eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the same young lady who had won the heart of the aspiring author, and the eyes of the father were blinded to all other considerations by the wealth which Dr. Creighton offered, together with his heart. Time and persistency pushed Irving from the scene, and the girl, obedient to her father's urgent entreaties, gave his wishes precedence of her own. But the saddest part of the story remains to be told. When the question of marriage portion was under consideration, the father stated that the family had been tainted with insanity; and to guard against the evils of harsh treatment, should his daughter be afflicted with the same malady, he insisted that a certain sum should be set aside, which, in the event of such a calamity, should be devoted to her maintenance on her estate on the bank of the Hudson, and that in no event should she be removed from the mansion there.

The terms the ardent suitor, hoping for the best, complied with. It may have been the result of hereditary disease, or of the effort to crush out and kill her young hopes, but not many years elapsed before the young wife was a raving maniac. She became so violent that confinement was rendered necessary, and the family mansion was converted into an asylum, Dr. Creighton building another house, on a distant part of the estate. The unfortunate woman is still living, and on quiet nights her shrieks may be heard, audible too at the secluded retreat which Irving occupied. No heart but his own knows how much the sad event may have tinged his own life, or to what exertions it may have urged him in attempting to drown all remembrances of his disappointment.

Dr. Creighton has for years officiated at the humble chapel where Irving worshipped—and, singularly enough, read the burial service for his former rival. To those who were aware of these mournful circumstances, the strange coincidence must have been exceedingly painful. There are but few portraits or busts of Mr. Irving in existence, as he has, especially of late years, persistently refused to place himself at the disposal of any artist, however celebrated.

☞ Much is said about the freshness of a first love; but there are many whose second love is better worth having than the first love of others.

## THE END OF IT ALL.

The night is over—open wide the shutter;
The night is over, and the dismal rain;
Only the wild winds sob, and wail, and mutter
Like mighty spirits tired out with pain.
The storm is over; I lie still and wait
For an old friend I have not seen of late.

The dreary, dreary years since our last meeting—
The long, dark shadows of remembered things,
Thank God, those phantoms of the past are fleeting
Before the sweep of the Death-angel's wings;
So I can lie in peace, with failing breath,
And calmly wait till you approach—or Death!

'Twas very dreary when, of all forsaken,
You left me trembling in the cold alone;
But Death was kinder far, and he has taken
The hand you dropped so coldly from your own,
And leads me—closing my world-wearied eyes—
To his still shore, which hath no memories.

What will it matter when we meet in Heaven?
We shall not hear Life's angry billows roar;
This little bark, too rudely tempest-driven,
Casts anchor sooner where the storms are o'er.
E'en now those waves have left on Memory's shore
Meek thoughts, like pearl-shells scattered, nothing more.

And oh, forgive her, as I have forgiven,
Who came between us with her cruel art!
It will not matter, when we meet in Heaven,
That our brief lives on earth were spent apart.
And then to love—and know that love is vain—
What wonder she was mad with rage and pain!

Methinks I should know something of that sorrow,
Burning like fire within the heart and brain.
I, too, with trembling hand, have sought to borrow
Mirth's blushing roses for a brow of pain,
Though all these dreary years the world's cold eye
Has never read my secret—but I die.

But, ah! my dear old friend, 'tis almost over,
The long, long struggle between pride and pain,
And neither slandering foe nor doubting lover
Has power to grieve me any more again:
For God's great angel having touched mine eyes,
I read the meaning of those tears and sighs.

We shall not meet; my latest hours are flying,
Ere sets yon sun upon the darkened land;
Yet will I clasp one flower close in dying,
That you may take it from my cold, still hand,
And keep it as a sign of wrong forgiven,
And a mute pledge that we shall meet in Heaven.

Nay, not of wrong forgiven, but as a token
From a true heart that loved you to the last,
Whose faith, though sorely tried, was never broken:
So you may, turning from that dreary past,
Look onward, with a firm, untroubled brow,
To the fair land where I am hasting now.

M. L. P.

## ATTITUDE OF PERSONS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

"That which particularly characterises the effects of lightning," writes M. Boudin, "is its suddenness. At one time, the individual is killed on the spot, remaining in a sitting posture, or even on horseback. At another time he is thrown a long distance." The first mention made of this kind of death is in the history of Alexander. "During a dreadful tempest," says Quintus Curtius, which destroyed a thousand men, some were found supported against trees, as if still alive and talking with each other, and just in the attitude in which death had surprised them." According to Carden, as quoted by Riviere, eight reapers taking their food under an oak were struck by lightning, and died, preserving their attitude—one of a man eating, another drinking. In Lorraine, a woman and one of her children were killed, and remained in a sitting posture. At Dover, a man killed with four horses, was found sitting under a bush. A man of law at Troyes was killed by lightning when on horseback; the animal, still continuing his journey, brought home his dead master, retaining the posture of a man on horseback. On the 11th of July, 1816, at Chateau-neuf, three fire-balls fell on the church. Nine persons where killed and eighty-two wounded. All the dogs found in the church were killed, and retained the attitude which they previously had. On January 22, 1849, a goat was killed near Clermont, and found sitting upon his hind-quarters with a branch of green leaves in his mouth. Now, this phenomenon is sometimes equally observed in persons killed by fire-arms. In the Morning Herald of November 8, 1854, the following details are given of a visit to the field of Inkermann, immediately after the combat:—"Many faces still seemed to smile; others had a threatening look; some bodies had a funeral pose, as though laid out by friendly hands; others still knelt upon the ground, convulsively grasping their weapon, and biting their cartridge. Many had their arms raised as if endeavoring to ward off a blow, or as if desiring to offer a last prayer. All their faces were pale, and the fierce blowing wind seemed to animate their dead bodies; one would have said that these long lines of the dead were about to rise to recommence the struggle." M. Boudin writes the same thing of the appearance of many of the Russians after the battle of the Alma:—"Some seemed still writhing in the agonies of despair and death, but the most wore a look of calm and pious resignation. Some appeared to have words floating on their lips, and a smile as in a sort of high beatitude. One was particularly observed, his knees bent, his hands raised and joined, his head thrown back, murmuring his supreme prayer." At Magenta, again, many dead bodies, as we are informed by Surgeon-Major Armand, of the army of Italy, maintained the attitude they had when struck, passing instantaneously from life to death, without agony or convulsion. A Zouave, struck point blank in the chest, still held his bayonet in the position of the charge, with the menacing aspect of a dead lion. His Majesty the Emperor is said to have remarked a similar case at Palestro. Near to the Zouave was an Austrian, dead from hæmorrhage. His face and eyes were turned to Heaven, his hands joined, and fingers interlaced, evidently in the attitude of prayer.

☞ Somebody says that the best way to keep food upon a weak stomach is to bolt it down.

## THE TURKISH WOMEN.

The lower order of Turkish women are almost invariably ugly, always dwarfish in stature, with staring dark eyes, fleshy stupid bowsprit noses that protrude through the often dusty yashmak, and "hog months," as an old Stamboul resident characterises them to me. In walking, what with their sloppy boots and their awkward dress, their gate is a slatternly shuffle, painful to see, and ungraceful as the waddle of a swan.

The higher classes, especially the Circassians, in extreme youth are often as lovely as imagination can conceive; but they soon get old, and then their white skin becomes of a soft nankeen leather color. What with the tons of sweetmeats they eat, the want of exercise, and the trying vicissitudes of the climate, they are often unhealthy, and the state of medicine (still even in Europe rather empirical, in Turkey barbarous) is such, that most of the serious diseases become chronic. Painting is now fashionable in Turkey, and every face I saw shadowing through a thin white cloud of yashmak, was hideously ruddled with rouge up to the very brows, which were charcoaled with some black pigment—perhaps the kohl that Eastern ladies use to dye the eyelashes and eyelids with. The very lips seemed stiff with cerement, and the skins that were not hard red, were of a ghastly cosmeticised whiteness. I saw all degrees of horror in rouge, from a becoming perpetual hot blush, to that sort of fiery dab that a butcher rubs upon a doomed sheep's side. I am told, however, that naturally the Turkish girl has skin of alabastrine whiteness, with just a pale tinge of pink, such as there is on the old leaves of a winter rose. I am sadly afraid, poor creatures, that generally their best beauty is of a sickly and artificial character, inconsistent with all our ideas of sound health and cultivated mind. The yashmak has a strong tendency to drop off the face, as it has really done in the last few years with most of the Armenian women at Broussa; during the Crimean war, I am told that it got so alarmingly thin, that the police at last arrested all women who went about the streets or bazaars, without the old mask of the conventional thickness. I do not deny that I saw certain houris of grace and loveliness, with wonderful eyes of the "first water" peeping through the visors of their yashmaks, but I think they were exceptional, and I believe that, on a fine day in London, Oxford street alone would present more beauty than was gathered together in all that Asian valley of "The Sweet Water."

## THE BITTERNESS OF FALSEHOOD.

A dying father once stretched out his hand to his little white-headed boy, a youth of seven years old, and said affectionately, "My little boy, I am very sick, and wish you to run down to Mr. B.'s and get me the medicine written on this paper." The druggist's store was half a mile distant, but when the boy got there he found it shut; and, although Mr. B. lived but a quarter of a mile further off, he concluded not to go and find him, but to return home. On his way back he contrived what he should say, and, in doing so, he called in the aid of falsehood. At length arrived, his father said, "My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain." The reply was, "No, sir, Mr. B. says he has none." The dying man answered, "My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine." The child went out of the room, alone, and wept bitterly. Soon after, he was called back to a fond farewell of his best earthly friend, for the little boy's mother was in Heaven; and as the dying father told his little son that in a few hours he would be a "fatherless orphan," that now he must make God his father, and love and obey him; that he should *always speak the truth*, because the eye of God was *always* upon him, with many other suitable admonitions, accompanied by prayer—it seemed as if the child would sink, he felt so guilty. Sobbing, he rushed from the bedside, and wished he could die. The dying man could now speak no more; and, oh! how much would that little boy have given to ask his father's forgiveness for the lie he had so wickedly told him! Oh, how his heart ached! He ran to the druggist's, got the medicine, rushed to the death-bed scene, crying out, "Oh, here, father;" but he was hushed—*his dear father was dead!* And the last thing he ever spoke to him was to *tell him a lie!* Oh, bitter, bitter falsehood! gall and wormwood are sweet compared with thee!

Twelve years afterward, and while in college, this little boy, now a young man, went to the grave of his father, and, as he stood over his tomb-stone, he seemed to see his pale face again, and to hear his voice. Hear what the young man says over his father's tomb: "Oh, the thought of that sin cuts me to the heart! It seems to me that worlds would not be too much to give could I only call loud enough for him to hear me ask forgiveness. But it is too late, and I must live and die weeping over that ungrateful falsehood, which no earthly being can now forgive. I must sorrow over it with a godly sorrow before Him who abounds in mercy; and from whom alone the penitent receives forgiveness."

Spanish Ladies.—But here comes two Spanish ladies, going to early mass, with the inevitable old *duenna*—close, watchful and important as the nurse in Romeo and Juliet—at their heels; for this is a country where hearts are tinder, and sparks are always at hand. They look, as all Spanish ladies do to English eyes, full-dressed; so that a street full of Spanish ladies at the fashionable shopping-hour looks very much like an open air ball-room. Their hair is glossy as a black bird's wing; soft, I dare say, to the lover's hand as a mole's fur. The mantilla gathers round on their shoulders in a cascade of blackness; and their black fans work and winnow in that enchanting manner which, it is said, takes seven years to learn. The Cadiz foot is a proverb—the Cadiz beauty is famous—the Spanish walk is an institution. These ladies float along; walking, as Juno does, on clouds; there is no stalking tramp here, no tremendous, vigorous exertion of muscles. No; there is only a gliding, a divine passage, not to be accounted for by vulgar mechanical laws.—*Life in Spain.*

# THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

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### CHAPTER XXIII.

A TALK OVER THE DEAD.

What feeling was it that prompted Lady Jane Cheaney to withhold the news of the discovery from her sister Laura? What feeling prompted her to quit Mr. Carlyon's house the following morning for her own home, hurrying away Lucy, almost at the risk of her health? Of the true facts of the case she was in complete uncertainty; though a dark, dread suspicion was upon her that the mysterious man, seen on the stairs by Mr. Carlyon, might have been her sister's husband, stolen into destroy her. Mrs. West had spoken of a Mr. Crane as having been one of the visitors at their house at that early period, and of whom they had ever since lost sight; it was that man, Crane, whom she had married, not a West. So, at least, argued Lady Jane. But then—how account for the assertion, in that mysterious letter to her husband, that she did not go by their proper name?—when she had called herself Mrs. Crane?

"Did she make any allusion whatever to her husband?—as to where he was, or anything about it?" was a question Lady Jane put to Judith.

"Very little, my lady. The landlady, Mrs. Gould, asked her where her husband was, and she replied that he was abroad, travelling. That was the night of her arrival. She also, I believe, said the same to Mr. Stephen Grey."

"And yet, that very night, the 10th of March, she wrote this letter to her husband, and, by its tenor, he evidently was in South Wennock!" uttered Lady Jane. "It is incomprehensible."

Judith made no reply. She had a downcast, timid look, and started every time her mistress put a question to her, as if she feared being asked too much.

The carriage was at the door, and Lucy already seated in it, when, in following her, Lady Jane encountered Mr. Carlyon, who was coming in from his round of visits.

"This is a sudden departure, Lady Jane. I fancied you would be with us a few days longer. Mind! I have not given a guarantee that Lucy is fit to be removed."

"I take the risk upon myself, Mr. Carlyon. But I think we have troubled you long enough. Allow me to ask if you still retain your determination not to afford me any information about my sister Clarice?"

His countenance changed to anger.

"It is a singular thing, Lady Jane, that you persist in attributing to me knowledge which I do not possess."

"I cannot believe but that you *do possess* the knowledge, Mr. Carlyon. But, in speaking of her last night, I may have somewhat misled you; I was misled myself. It was not at Mrs. Jenkinson's that she stayed at South Wennock, but at the next door. That ill-fated lady, who *was poisoned by the dose of prussic acid*, was my sister Clarice."

He made no reply; he looked very hard at her.

"I believe now that she did not marry a West. There was a Mr. Crane who visited the the West's, as you must know; it is more probable that he was her husband. What sort of a man was he, that—Mr. Crane?"

"Sort of a man!" stammered the surgeon.

"Tall or short, dark or fair? It was his person I alluded to."

"He was a very little man, but stout—had black hair. At least, if my memory serves me well. I protest that I have never seen him or heard of him since the time he used to go to the West's. What can you have learnt, to induce you to think that lady was your sister?"

"Then that was the man you saw on the stairs!" continued Lady Jane, apparently paying no attention to the rest of his sentence. "You said it was a short, dark man; it must have been he!"

"That it was not!" burst forth Mr. Carlyon in the heat of the moment; "it did not bear the least resemblance to him."

"Mr. Carlyon, why did you not, at the time, and at the inquest, proclaim your knowledge of that ill-fated young lady? It might have cleared up all the mystery, and led to the discovery of—of—the man."

"You and I are at cross purposes, Lady Jane," he answered, in a savage tone. "If you have taken it into your head that the person who died in Palace street, and the Miss Beauchamp who was governess at the West's were one and the same, you are wrong. Had I known her to be the same, what should have prevented my proclaiming it?"

At cross purposes they did indeed seem to be; very cross it all appeared to Lady Jane. Could they really have been the same? she began to ask herself. Solution seemed far off, and she turned with a sigh to the carriage.

"The better plan would be to let this drop," said Mr. Carlyon, following her. "I can bear testimony that it was not Miss Beauchamp, and it would be unpleasant to my wife and to you, to have that unknown lady, whose conduct and belongings involved so much doubt, confounded with your sister. Let it drop, Lady Jane."

Lady Jane turned her face full upon him, with its look of steadfast determination.

"We must put up with the unpleasantness as we best can, Mr. Carlyon, but from this hour I set myself resolutely to the work of discovery; I shall neither eat nor sleep in peace until Clarice's fate is set at rest."

They arrived at home. Lady Jane saw Lucy comfortably settled in her warm sitting-room, and in the afternoon she put on her bonnet again, and prepared to go out. But first of all, she called Judith to her.

"Do not let me go on a vague errand," she said. "Are you certain, positive, that the child at Tupper's is the same child who was born that night?"

"My lady, so far, that is certain. I told Mrs. Smith, when she first came, that she could not deceive me, and she confessed that it was the child. She made me promise not to say so abroad, and I have not; there was no reason why I should. She is the person who took the child away the day after it was born."

"Mr. Carlyon declares that that unhappy lady was not our sister."

"All I can say, my lady, is, that she gave me the locket, and told me it was her own hair in it. And I believe," added Judith, in a lower tone, "though I can't take upon myself to be certain, that her name was Clarice."

Lady Jane went to the cottage. Generally speaking, its door stood open, but it was shut now; even in the cold winter, the sun streaming in on a bright day was pleasant. She knocked, and Mrs. Smith came to the door.

"I wish for half an hour's conversation with you," said Lady Jane. "Are you at leisure?"

"At too much leisure," sadly replied the woman; "I am watching the dead."

"He is not dead!—the little child?"

"Yes, he is. He died at nine this morning."

Lady Jane sank on a chair in the kitchen.

"And I never gave him a kiss for his mother's sake! I never knew, beyond doubt, that he belonged to her! Dead! He was my little nephew."

The woman stared at her.

"*Your* nephew! yours? Madam, you are one of the Ladies Cheaney?"

"Tell me—he is the offspring of that lady who died—"

"Who died by poison," interrupted the woman, clenching her hands. "I took him away from her—and the next day she died."

"Who was that lady? What was her married name?"

"I don't know."

Lady Jane felt sick at heart; was obstacle after obstacle ever to be thrust in her way?

"I pray, let us have no more concealment," she said, in a tone of anguish. "If I cannot come to the bottom of this by fair entreaty, I must call in the powers of the law. Did you never know that lady's name, before her marriage, or after it?"

"I knew it before. I knew her first when she was governess at the Lortons. She was Miss Beauchamp."

Lady Jane's courage failed her; her worst fears were about to be realized.

"You are *sure?*—sure that it was Miss Beauchamp?"

Mrs. Smith looked surprised at the reiteration.

"Of course I am sure. It was Miss Beauchamp."

"And my dear sister! I felt this before; it is a shadow that has been hanging over me. Who did she marry?"

The woman held out her right hand.

"I'd give this to know," she fiercely said. "For, whoever married that poor girl, as surely destroyed her as that I am here. Let it come to proofs, that's all, and whoever he may be, he shall swing for it."

Lady Jane felt faint.

"Let me see the child."

The woman led the way to an upper room, where the child lay on the bed. He was dressed in a white nightgown with frills to it, and a little bordered cap; his hands were laid by his side, and some sprigs of geranium were strewed over the sheet.

"He was so fond of flowers in life," said Mrs. Smith, "never a child fonder; geraniums, especially."

Jane's tears fell upon the little white face, and she stooped and kissed it.

"I did not do it while he lived," she said; "why did you not tell me whose child he was then?"

"Nay, my lady, why did you not tell me who his mother was; how was *I* to suspect that she could be anything to the Ladies Cheaney? And people were always asking me about him out of idle curiosity, just because they saw he was ill, and that we had come strangers to the place."

Lady Jane sat down by the side of the child. She gave a brief history of who her sister was, and of the motives which induced her to leave home.

"You speak as if you had been attached to her," she added.

"I don't think I was ever so much attached to anybody," returned Mrs. Smith, "though it wasn't for long I knew her."

"Then I ask you, by that attachment, to give me every particular you know respecting her. Think you that I have no interest in discovering whether her death was wilfully brought upon her?"

"You might have heard all I know long ago, my lady, had I but been aware what you were to her. I knew her first, I say, at the Lortons, in Gloucester Terrace. I and Mrs. Lorton are cousins; yes, she's a great lady, and lives in style, and tries to make herself out a greater; but she'll never be one, let her try ever so. We lived in a country town; her father was a shop-keeper, a pastry-cook, and mine (they were brothers,) kept a public house. She thought the pastry line was more genteel than the public line, and held up her head rather. She married, married well, some London gentleman, and I stopped at home for many years, marrying nobody. In course of time, father and mother died, and all they had became mine. What with their savings, and the sale of the house and stock, I found I should have about a hundred and fifty pounds a year. Then came my turn. George Smith, who had used our house for many a year, and had been, as the nonsense runs, sweet upon me, said why should not we join our means together; his salary, a hundred and fifty, and my hundred and fifty would make three hundred, and we should be comfortable for life. I saw nothing against it, but that I was getting on to be forty years of age, and liked my own way; he was turned forty, poor fellow, and as mild as milk. So we married, and settled in London, where his master's house of business was, and he was their commercial traveller. I couldn't set up for a lady, and I didn't, I was as plain and rough as ever; that didn't please Mrs. Lorton, and she shunned me; but when, soon after, Mrs. Lorton was taken with a dangerous illness, she was glad enough to send for me to nurse her through it. It was then I saw Miss Beauchamp; I thought her the sweetest girl I had ever met; and, the more I saw of her, the more I liked her. A real lady she was, there was no mistaking that, she had none of Mrs. Lorton's stuck-up airs, but spoke gently and kindly to folks, as if they were human beings. I was there for a month, for my husband was away on his journey, and when I left, Miss Beauchamp promised faithfully to come and see me at Islington, where we lived. She did come, and she told me how she had left Mrs. Lorton's, through that great booby of a big son of theirs making up to her, and had gone to Mrs. West's. After that, I saw no more of her for some months, till—I think it must have been September, in the following year, and then she came, and asked if I could recommend her to a lodging. Of course I was surprised, and she told me she would confide a secret to me—that she was married. I asked why it was a secret; she laughed, and said for two reasons: one was, that her husband could not and would not tell his father, on account of some money matters between them that were not settled amicably; and the other reason was, that she, on her part, could not tell her family, for they were very high and proud, and would say she had disgraced them by her choice. Her husband, she said, was a professional man, and as soon as he got on well, so as to keep her in comfort and tolerable style, then they should declare it, and care for nobody."

"What did she say her name was?" interrupted Lady Jane.

"She did not say, madam. When I pressed her, she said it was better that it should not be known, especially as I was connected with the Gloucester Terrace Lortons; it might get to them, and it might get to the West's, and that would not do. I said, then what was I to call her, and she laughed again, and said I might call her Miss Beauchamp still—she was not afraid of my misconstruing her position. My lady, she never left my house from that time, till she came down to South Wennock."

"Never left it!"

"I mean, not to live. Ours was a good house, and I said the drawing-room and bedroom were at her service, but she *would* pay for them, and my servant waited on her. In the December my little child was born, the only one I ever had; and she, dear lady, used to sit with me, and be such a comfort."

"But did her husband never come to see her all that time?" uttered Lady Jane, with wonder.

"Never once to my house. From what I could gather, for she would let drop a word now and then in forgetfulness, he seemed to have left London to live in the country. He would occasionally come to London, and of that she made no secret, and at those times she would go out and be away, perhaps for two days, or a day and two nights as it might happen, though where she joined him and where they stayed, she never said."

"Stay an instant," interrupted Lady Jane; "she must have received letters from him; how were they murmured?"

"No letters came to the house; she used to go to Islington post office for them. Once, when she was expecting me, she was too ill to go out and sent the maid. I saw the letter in the girl's hand as she came in; it was directed 'C. C.'"

"For Clarice Crane," thought Lady Jane; though it might have served equally well for Clarice Cheaney.

"Towards the next March she got restless; she would be expecting her own illness in May, and she did not like to lie up, so far from her husband. She said she would go down to where he lived, whether he was pleased or not. He said she was not to go—so she told me; and I spoke against it; I did not think she was strong enough to travel. I was in great grief at that time, for my child had died; and, as to my husband, I thought he'd never be pacified; when old folks like us, get blessed with a child for the first time, they are as fond of it and proud over it, as a dog with two tails. Ah, well," added Mrs. Smith, in a different tone, as she rubbed her nose, "it's all over and done with, and I'm glad almost it didn't live, for the world's full of wickedness and care and trouble. She promised that I should have the nursing of hers, and, my lady, I looked to that promise like a famished man looks to meat, for I am naturally fond of young children, and I didn't want her to go away, lest I should not get the baby, after all."

"But she went?"

"She went; there was no stopping her. She had her things packed, one large trunk, and left on the morning of the 10th of March; I well remember the day, it was on a Friday. On the next day, the Saturday, I was out with some friends, country people who had come to London for a few days' pleasuring. They were at an inn near the Strand, and nothing would do but I must go and breakfast with them, which they had made me promise to do the night before. Consequently I left home before the letters were delivered, and when I got back at night, there was a letter waiting for me from Miss Beauchamp—as I must call her, for want of a better name. It said that she had had a bad journey, had been much shaken, and her illness was coming on. She had none but strangers round her, and would I go down. I took the night train, and got to South Wennock, where her letter was dated from in the morning, and there I found her, all well over, and the baby about the least thing I ever saw. I was very angry with her, my lady, I could not help it; and she had endangered her life for nothing, as may be said, for when she got to South Wennock, her husband was away."

"Away!" interrupted Lady Jane.

"So she said. He had gone away for a day or two, and was absent then. 'I think that made me worse,' she said, 'the being obliged to have a stranger to attend me.' My lady," broke off Mrs. Smith, "I caught at those words like anything. 'Oh, then, your husband is a surgeon!' I exclaimed to her, and she seemed vexed that I had noticed it, said it was a slip of the tongue, and begged me to say no more. I was to take away the baby the same evening; I could not stop, for, as ill luck would have it, my husband was coming home on the Monday, and coming because he was sick; he was then in the middle of what he called his west journey, and had to leave his business unfinished, to come home to be nursed; he was never strong, and that I knew when I married him."

"Did you leave with the baby that night?"

"I did. I left in the evening, and was almost shook to death in the railway omnibus. It was first of all proposed that the child should be baptized, but she altered her mind, and told me to have it done in London. 'What's his name to be?' I asked. 'Oh, Lewis, of course,' she said, which I took altogether to be as good as an admission that it was his father's."

There was a long pause. "Did you know she went by the name of Crane?" inquired Lady Jane.

"In the letter she wrote to summons me, she told me to ask for her by that name. I inquired of her whether it was her real name, and she laughed and said. 'No more real than Beauchamp, nor half so much so; it was a name that her husband and young Mr. West were very fond of calling her, partly because she had a peculiar way of arching her neck, partly to tease her. Some gentleman, named Crane, to whom she had an aversion, used to visit at the West's, and, to make her angry, they would call her by his name, Mrs. Crane. She said it had never struck her that she should want a name for South Wennock until she was close upon the place, and then she thought of that one—Crane; it would do for her as well as any other, until she assumed her legal one. I found great fault," added Mrs. Smith, "at her not being owned by her husband publicly, now the baby was born, and told her he could not care for her or her character as he ought, but she did nothing but defend him, and we had almost words, and I know I cried. It did vex me, and I was much concerned for her; she seemed to me to be one who thought her husband could do no wrong."

"When next did you hear of her, after your departure with the child?"

"Never," impetuously returned Mrs. Smith, as though the thought aroused all her ire, "never once, till I came back here with him again. She had told me not to mind, if I did not hear from her soon or often, for she might find herself so situated that it would not be convenient to acknowledge the child, until the marriage was openly declared. We had almost a fight upon one point; she wanting me to take money for the child; I steadily persisting that I would not. I was too fond of children, too fond of her, to take money for her child, and I was at my ease in circumstances. Well, my lady, I went back home with the baby, and that day my husband arrived, and he had a long time of weakness, and was obliged to give up his situation. But, dear, how fond he got of that child! it almost seemed to replace his own, and when he became better, he'd play with it by the hour together. He had a place offered him in a manufactory down at Paisley, in Scotland, and we sold off our things, what were not convenient to take, and went to it. Some friends we knew, took to our house at Islington, and to take carpets and curtains, and there I left a letter, saying where we had gone. I directed it to 'Mrs. Crane, late Miss Beauchamp,' and they promised to take care of it, and deliver *it safely when it should be applied for. Eight years we lived in Scotland, and when my husband died, which was last July, I determined to leave it.* Not once all that time, had we heard a word, and in one respect we were not sorry, for we dreaded the child being claimed. When I came to London, and called at the old house at Islington, there, behold! was the letter I had left, never fetched, neither had any inquiries been made. I could not make it out, and I thought I would come down to South Wennock, and see what I could find out. I had begun to fear the boy would not live, he had always been sickly, and I fear we petted him too much. I think perhaps, if he had been brought up more hardy, and let run wild, it might have been better."

"Do not say so," murmured Lady Jane. "With this dark tragedy to look back upon, who can wish him to have lived?"

"Ay, true; and I misdoubt me but it will be darker *yet*. The very first person I saw in South Wennock was that fat woman, Pepperfly, and she enlightened me as to the death and its circumstances. I can't tell how dreadfully I was shocked, or what horrid thoughts came upon me. I determined to stay here for a time, not saying who the child was, or who I was. Two or three suspected; Judith Ford, she recognized me, and asked whether it was the child, but I put her off the scent at first, saying he was too young, for he did not look anything like his age. The next person to suspect—as I believe—was Mr. Carlyon. One day he sent me out after some ointment he had forgotten, and when I got back I found him hunting my places over; Lewis said he had heard him go up stairs and move about there. It struck me he had made the excuse to get rid of me, that he might search for proofs whether it was the same child. The next was Sir Stephen Grey. The morning he came here he saw it was the same child, and told me how he knew it. We spoke a little of the cause of the mother's death; and, however I may have feared before that the mistake was his, I took leave of it forever then. There is talk of a dark man having been seen on the stairs that night, my lady; that man must have been the husband and the murderer."

"I don't know," shivered Lady Jane.—"Since you have been speaking, other dark fears have come upon me—fears which I dare not look upon."

"I think there's one who has a suspicion—if he would tell it," resumed Mrs. Smith. "I mean young Mr. Grey. When I was speaking of it to Sir Stephen that morning, he turned to me with a peculiar expression on his face; 'Murder will come out some time,' said he; and though he turned it off afterwards, I know he meant that she had been murdered."

Lady Jane then remembered the words she

had once heard Frederick Grey use as a boy; and again she shuddered, for her new and dark suspicions seemed to be closing more threa'eningly round her.

She took leave of Mrs. Smith, for it was getting dusk, and walked home. But as she went down the rise, she started at every shadow in the hedge, like Mr. Carlyon had started some years before.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### JUDITH.

In the twilight of the winter's evening sat Lucy Chesney and Frederick Grey. The fever was abating in the town, and it was arranged that he should return home, Sir Stephen intimating now that his absence had been sufficiently prolonged. He had come to say farewell, and it was a sad meeting. Sad on account of certain news which Lucy had been imparting to him.

"You say Jane told you that, in all probability, we must prepare for a separation! for a breaking off of our marriage!" he uttered.

"You have heard the fear, Frederick—that the unhappy lady who died in Palace street, will turn out to have been the lost Clarice. Jane is gone to Tupper's cottage, to see what information she can get from the woman, but she warned me to prepare for the worst—and in that case, she said our marriage must be at an end."

"On what grounds!" chafed Frederick.

She put her hand into his before she spoke, and he drew her face to his breast, it's ever sure resting place.

"Jane says it will not be seemly for us to marry, if the mistake, which brought Clarice her death, was caused by Sir Stephen," she whispered. "Oh, Frederick! better I had died in my illness, than live to be torn from you."

"My dearest, you never shall be torn from me. Be at ease; think you I should hear this with equanimity, if I did not know that we are safe? My father never did make the mistake, Lucy; and, if the worst comes to the worst, we must try and prove who did."

His tone was significant, and she raised her head and looked at him.

"You have a suspicion of some one else! I can see you have!"

"Yes I have, and have had from the first."

"Oh, Frederick, tell this to Jane."

"Jane has known it for many years."

"What do you mean? But you will tell me."

"No, my darling. It is not fit that you should hear it."

Lucy sighed.

"You know how firm Jane is, when she once takes an idea into her head that she is right; that she is acting in accordance with duty. Should she turn against us, we could not marry. She has no legal power over me; Lady Oakburn has, until I am of age, not after; but I could not marry in opposition to Jane; no not even to be your wife."

The tears were raining from her eyes; she was weak with her recent illness, and things wore an aspect of gloom. He did what he could to reassure her, but her fears somewhat affected him.

"That poor boy is dead," he presently remarked.

"Yes; Judith heard so since Jane went out. I wonder she stays there so long."

The front gate was heard to close, as Lucy spoke, and they distinguished Jane's figure amidst the dusk of evening. She came into the room, and Frederick met her, not observing that Judith entered behind her mistress.

"Lady Jane, what is this cruel doubt you have been whispering to Lucy?" he asked, unable to conceal entirely his agitation. "That we must separate—lest it should have been my father who dropped the poison into the draught? now it is suspected the unhappy lady was Clarice Chesney!"

"It is no suspicion, Frederick; it is certain that it was she. I have ascertained it."

Lucy took the words to be a confirmation of her fears, and with a half exclamation, very like a wail of pain, but suppressed before it was uttered, she fell back in her chair.

Judith could not contain herself. She stood forward, and spoke to Lady Jane.

"Oh, my lady, think what it is that you would do! Is it just that the innocent should suffer for the guilty?"

"The guilty, the guilty!" mused Lady Jane. "How are we to know who is guilty?"

"You know what I have thought for years, Lady Jane," spoke up Frederick. "Judith, you also know."

"Hush, hush!" whispered Lady Jane; "think of Laura."

"Think, rather, of Clarice," he said. "Think how terrible it will be to Lady Laura, when the discovery shall come—and, if guilty, come it must; every day that she remains with him will only be an additional reflection for after pain."

Lucy had started from her seat.

"What are you hinting at?"

"What indeed!" said Lady Jane. "Frederick, you have no right to assume his guilt; you told me once before that you had no real cause."

Again Judith interrupted.

"If his guilt can be proved, ought it to be? My lady, I pray you answer me."

"What a foolish question!" interrupted Frederick Grey. "One who could hesitate to prove it, possessing the power, would be as guilty as he."

"My lady," she continued to implore, "I pray you answer me."

"Yes," replied Lady Jane, in a low, firm tone; "she was our dear sister. But who can do it?"

"I can," whispered Judith.

"You! you!"

"I could have proved it at the time, my ladies, had I dared to speak."

"Oh, Judith!" involuntarily uttered Frederick Grey. "And you could suffer my father to lie under the curse of suspicion?"

"I did not dare to speak," persisted Judith. "Who was I a poor servant, that I should bring an accusation against a gentleman? a gentleman thought well of in the place. Who would have believed me? None. Besides, in spite of the evidence of my own senses, I could not credit that he was really guilty. A hundred times I asked myself where was his motive, and I could see none."

"Speak out, Judith," said Frederick Grey, "all you know, all you suspect. Lady Jane, I urge it in the name of your dead sister, and by my father's tarnished reputation."

"And there was no actual, tangible proof," continued Judith, following out the bent of her own reflections, instead of the words spoken to her. "Though I knew, though I had seen what others had not, and in my mind it amounted to proof, the world might not have regarded it so. Nay, the tables might have been turned on me, and I accused. I say I did not dare to speak."

"You must speak now, Judith," said Lady Jane, in a low tone; "the time has gone by for silence."

Judith gathered herself against the wall beyond the window, where the shade cast by the folds of the curtain hid her from what little light there was; Frederick sat down by Lucy, on a sofa, equally in the shade, and stole his arm round her to bring her comfort, he could feel how her heart was beating; and Lady Jane stood by the dull fire, which gave out now but a faint light, her elbow on the mantle piece, and her hand supporting her head.

"I will not be his accuser," began Judith; "no, my lady, I will tell what I saw, and let others accuse him, if they please, but I will not; I know he is a bad man, and I have shuddered at him ever since, but I will not be his formal accuser. On the Sunday when that poor lady lay ill in Palace Street, I had been with her most of the day, but I stepped in to Mrs. Jenkinson's in the evening, just before Mrs. Smith went off by the railway omnibus, to stop at the old lady's while Margaret went to church. After Margaret came back, between eight and nine, I thought I'd just go in again and wish Mrs. Crane good night. I had got a bad tooth, and my face was in pain all over; I suppose I had caught cold in it. Mrs. Gould and Nurse Pepperdy were at their suppers in the kitchen; I saw them through the back window as I ran in, and I went on, straight up stairs, not disturbing them. I had no light, and I found the bedroom in darkness, but it was a fine moonlight night. I spoke to Mrs. Crane, but she was asleep, and did not answer, and I sat down by the bed, behind the curtain, and nursed my face for a minute or two. I heard a ring at the door-bell, and Mrs. Gould go to answer it, and I found, whoever it was, was being shown up. I thought it might be Mr. Stephen Grey, but as they came into the adjoining sitting-room, I heard Mrs. Gould address him as Mr. Carlyon. She went down again, and he came into the chamber, without the light. His coming in awoke Mrs. Crane, for I heard her start and stir, and he approached the bed. 'Clarice,' said he, 'Clarice, how could you be so imprudent, so foolish, as to come to South Wennock?' 'Oh, Lewis, dearest, I am so thankful you have returned!' she answered. 'Don't be angry with me; we can keep our secret; but I could not bear the thought of being ill away from you. It is such a sweet little boy!' 'It was exceedingly wrong, Clarice,' he went on, in a vexed tone, but I heard no more, for I stole out of the room as quietly as I could. That there was some connection, some understanding between them, was apparent, but it was no business of mine, and all I thought of was getting away. I fancied I heard his voice calling out, 'Who's there?' but I sped down the stairs quietly in my list shoes, for I did not like them to think they had been overheard, and I knew I could keep my own counsel. As I went by the kitchen, Mrs. Gould spoke to me, and said an accident had happened that evening to Mr. Carlyon, in coming from Great Wennock,—that his horse and groom were killed; she had been told of it at the public house when she went for her supper beer. I ran in home and got to bed; but, what with the pain in my face, and what with the mystery next door,—for a mystery it did seem to me, and nothing less; that young lady being so intimate with Mr. Carlyon, when she had asked about him and spoken of him as a stranger—I tossed and turned from side to side, and got no rest. I could have thought her his wife, by her manner of greeting him, and it came into my head that the child must be his."

"Go on, Judith," said Lady Jane, for Judith had stopped in thought.

"The next day I was anything but well, for I had had no sleep, and the pain in my face worried me. In the afternoon it began to swell, and in the evening, when Mr. Stephen Grey came to see Mrs. Crane, he told me the swelling would make it easier, but that it was wrong of me not to keep it tied up. It was just seven when Mr. Stephen came in, and he expected Mr. Carlyon; he waited till a quarter past, but Mr. Carlyon did not come. He observed that Mrs. Crane was flushed and looked feverish, and he spoke quite sharp to me, and said there had been too much gossiping going on; I replied that the lady would talk, feeling well, and we could not prevent her. He said he should send in a composing draught, and left. I returned home to tie my face up, but at first I was puzzled what to tie it up with, as my boxes were not at Mrs. Jenkinson's, and a pocket handkerchief was hardly warm enough. I laid hold of an old piece of black plush, which had covered a bonnet I had worn all the winter, and had unpicked that day. It was not worth much, and I cut it into two, and doubled the pieces together, so that they formed two ears or lappets, fastened them to some black tape, and tied them up round my chin and the sides of my face. I had got on a black cap, being in mourning for my late mistress, who had died, and when I saw myself in the glass, I thought I did look a guy. What with my swollen face, which was glazed and puffy and white, and my black eyes, blacker they seemed than usual, and this flossy plush round my face, I was a sight! 'Goodness me!' exclaimed Margaret, when I got down stairs, 'what have you been at with yourself? one would think you had got a pair of sudden-grown whiskers!' and she wasn't far wrong, as appearance went, for the little edge of the black quilled-net border close to my face, and the rough plush behind it, made a very good imitation of whiskers. I was dead tired, I felt as if I could sleep, and after sitting a spell with Margaret, I said I'd go in and see if Mrs. Crane wanted anything more that I could do, and then come back and go to bed. Like the previous night, I saw that the nurse and Mother Gould were at supper in the kitchen—or rather, sitting at the supper-table, for supper seemed to be over. I went quietly up stairs in my list shoes: I had learnt at my last place to wear list shoes where illness was about; and, knowing those two were down stairs, I was surprised to hear a movement in the sitting-room. The first moment, it struck me, could Mrs. Crane have been so imprudent as to get out of bed after anything she might want, and I peeped in through the door, which was ajar. It was not Mrs. Crane; she was safe in bed, and the door between the two rooms shut; it was Mr. Carlyon. The light stood on the mantelpiece, and he stood at the cheffonier. He had a very, very small bottle in his hand, putting a cork into it, and then he put it into his waistcoat pocket. Next he took up a larger bottle, the size of those which had contained night-draughts for Mrs. Crane; it had been standing close to his hand on the cheffonier, and the cork by it: he hastily put the cork into it, and put it on the little shelf of the cheffonier, in a leaning posture, in the corner. He turned so quickly to leave the room, that I had not time to get out of the way; I did not know what he had been doing: I did not know it was anything wrong, but an instinct flashed across me that he would not like to find he had been watched; not that, when I peeped in, I had thought of doing anything mean or underhanded. I just drew up against the wall—the worst place I could have got to, for the moonlight came in upon my face—and he saw me. He could see nothing of me but my face; the lower part of me was in the shade, and my clothes were black; and he looked at me with a sort of frightened glare. 'Who and what are you?' he whispered, but I thought my best plan was, not to answer, and I kept still. He wheeled round and went back to the sitting-room to bring out the light, which gave me the opportunity to slip inside the bedroom. He—"

"Oh, Judith!" interrupted Lady Jane, "then the man's face on the stairs, about which so much has been said, was yours!"

"My own, and no other's, my lady. I was afraid to explain so, lest I should be questioned further, and I let it pass. Mr. Carlyon brought out the light, but of course he could not see me, and he took it back again. Why he did not come and look in the bed-room, I cannot tell; he may have forgotten that a door was there. He went down stairs, and I walked softly to look over the balustrades after him. I heard him say something to Mrs. Gould about a 'man up stairs,' and 'black whiskers;' the exact words I could not catch, but I knew he alluded to me, and laughed at the guy I must have appeared to him. I thought they should not know down stairs that I had frightened him, so after the front door was shut upon him, and Mrs. Gould in the kitchen again, I crept down and out at the back door. There I took off my plush ornaments, which I put in my pocket, and gave a loud rap at their kitchen window which made Mother Gould shriek, and jump out of her chair. 'What a fool you are, Judy,' she called out, 'to come frightening folks, like that! Can't you come into a house quiet and decent?' 'Who's up with Mrs. Crane?' said I, half a-jar at their kitchen door as I passed along the passage; 'I'm going up to wish her good night.' 'There ain't nobody,' said she, 'Dr. Carlyon's just come down.' I went on, talked a minute or two to Mrs. Crane, and then up came old Pepperfly with a basin of gruel—I had seen her bending over the fire with a saucepan as I passed the kitchen. She brought a light in with her, and Mrs. Crane burst out laughing at my face, it was so white and swollen; she said it looked like a full moon; but I thought to myself how they would have laughed, had they seen it in the whiskers.

Frederick Grey had sat silent, his eyes riveted on Judith while she told her tale. He interrupted now. "Did you not suspect, did it not occur to you that the draught might have been tampered with?"

"Never, sir, for a moment. How was I likely to suspect such a thing? Was not Mr. Carlyon a doctor in practice? I did not know that he had added anything to the draught, but if I had, I should only have supposed it to be some alteration he deemed necessary as her attendant to make."

"Well, go on."

"I left them, and went in doors to bed, and the next morning Margaret told me that Mrs. Crane had died, died the previous night before ten o'clock, through taking the sleeping draught sent her by Mr. Stephen Grey. I don't know how I felt, I could not tell it if I tried, or the dreadful doubt that came over me, whether or not Mr. Carlyon had touched it. I heard of his having smelt poison in the draught when it first came, and I thought then, of course the poison must have been in it, that when I saw him all alone with the bottle open, he might only be smelling at it again. I had never been brought into company with bad men, and did not know their cunning. Of one thing I felt certain—that Mr. Stephen Grey had not committed the error—and the state of mind, the uncertainty I was in till the inquest, no tongue could tell. I went to the inquest; I wanted to be at ease one way or the other, to have some relief from my perplexity. Young Frederick Grey—I beg your pardon, Mr. Frederick; I had got my thoughts cast back in the past—had whispered to me, that if anybody mixed poison with the draught, it was Mr. Carlyon, not his father, and though I would not listen to him, his words made a deep impression on me. At the inquest I heard Mr. Carlyon give his evidence, and from that moment I believed him to be a guilty man. He swore before the coroner, in answer to a question, that he neither touched nor saw the draught after he gave it back to Mrs. Pepperfly; that he did not observe, or know where she placed it. A lie—all.—He did see it and touch it, and took care to replace it in the same position which the old woman had done. He swore also that he knew nothing of Mrs. Crane, who she was, or where she came from, and *that* I knew was a lie. An impulse came upon me to step out before the coroner and declare all I knew, but somehow I did not dare; I feared he might turn round, and set me at defiance by denying it, or even accuse me in his stead—and which of us would have been listened to?—an established gentleman, such as he; or me, an obscure servant? Part of a letter was found before the inquest was over—and, my lady, it was a faithful copy, for I remembered every word, of the first part of that letter found last night by Lady Laura. The coroner showed it to Mr. Carlyon, and he fenced in his answers; he took the letter to the window, and stood there with his back to the room; the jury thought nothing, but I was sure it was only to collect himself, and gain time to cover his agitation. That letter, which Lady Laura found, was the one written by Mrs. Crane the night of her arrival, for I recognized the envelope again last night; the very letter which Mrs. Gould got me to carry to Mr. Carlyon's. As I came out of the inquest-room, I was as sure that he had murdered the lady, as I was that I stood upright."

"You ought to have declared it, Judith."

"My lady, I say that people would not have believed me; there was not a jot or tittle of evidence to corroborate my tale, there was no proof at all that he knew her. If declared to them now, they will not, perhaps, believe it."

"It might have saved my sister Laura," murmured Lady Jane.

"I did what little I could to keep her from Mr. Carlyon. After I went to live with you, my lady, Pompey let slip a word that Miss Laura—as she was then—used to go in the garden in secret, at the dusk hour, to meet Mr. Carlyon. I could not say anything to Mr. Carlyon openly, but I thought I'd frighten him. One night that they were there (it was the very night before they went away) I took off my white cap and put on a black, tied on those plush whiskers, put a cap of Pompey's on my head, and threw on master's old cloak. When I got to their meeting place in the garden, Miss Laura was alone; he had gone. It was nearly dark amidst the trees where I stood; she could get but an imperfect view of me, and I disguised my voice to gruffness, which I can do when I please. 'Laura Chesney,' I said to her, 'what have you to do with Lewis Carlyon?' She did not answer, but she looked terrified almost to death. 'Have nothing to do with Mr. Carlyon,' I resumed, 'if you care for your own happiness, perhaps your life, have nothing to do with him. Ask him what he did with Clarice. Ask him if he deals in poison.' As I was stealing away, I saw Mr. Carlyon, who had come into the garden again. I raised Pompey's cap, and let him see my face in the moonlight, and, though it was not swollen as it had been the night of the death, he recognized it, and was half paralysed with horror. I believe he thought me a ghostly visitant from the other world. I left him to his fear, and glided amidst the trees on the other side. But it did no good, for Miss Laura was off with him the next night. Twice since then I have appeared to him; I could not get it from my head that, as he had put one lady out of the way, who was his wife, or ought to have been, he might be so putting Lady Laura. The night we returned from town, after my lord's death, *was the first time*. You may remember it, my lady; as we came from the station, we left Lady Laura at her house, and had driven on again, when it was discovered that her dressing-case *was in the carriage. I got out with it, to take it to her, and said I would walk* home afterwards. I left the dressing-case with one of the servants, and in coming away again (for I had gone to the kitchen entrance) I passed the dining-room window. It was all but dark, and the dining-room was only lighted by the fire. An impulse prompted me to push back my bonnet, snatch my black mourning scarf off my neck, tie it down the sides of my face under the chin, and press my nose flat against the panes, which naturally made my face look wide. He saw it was the same figure which had so terrified him before, and I heard his cry of amazement, as I rushed away, putting my bonnet on as I went."

"How do you account for it, Judith—that your appearance should inspire him with this terror?" interrupted Frederick Gray.

"Sir, in this way. I think that when he first saw me, that night on the staircase, he must have feared it was somebody who had watched him mix the poison; but when no one could be traced, or heard of, as having been in the house, then he doubted whether the appearance might not have been supernatural. I fancy there has been a conflict in his mind all along, sometimes giving way to the fancy that the figure was real, sometimes that it was not; and equally fearing both."

Mr. Grey nodded his head, and Judith proceeded.

"After that, the years went on, and my fears for Lady Laura wore out. The night that Lady Lucy was taken ill there, and he kept her, and would have prevented you, sir, from seeing her, a feeling came over me—did he want to do *her* harm? and during that hubbub in the hall I quietly turned off the gas, and whispered a warning that terrified him. There was one time more. You remember, sir, the day you were with Lady Lucy, and Mr. Carlyon came in with two powders; you objected to them, and told me to take them away. It struck me there might be something wrong with them."

"No, Judith, there was nothing wrong. They were a proper remedy for heartburn, but in my opinion not the best remedy. What I brought her afterwards did her more good than they would have done."

"Well, sir, the fact is, I misdoubted him so much that I seemed to suspect him at every turn. I thought I would give him one more fright, and I came home here and got my plush whiskers, which I had always kept by me, and dressed myself up that same evening at dusk, and showed myself at his surgery window, and warned him that Lady Lucy was being guarded, and he watched, by one who knew the fate of Clarice. He started and shook as if he had the ague, and let fall the bottle of stuff to the ground, which he was holding. All this while, until last night, that ever was, I had no conception that the Clarice who died was Lady Clarice Chesney. You, my lady, once mentioned her, and said that the child at Tupper's cottage resembled her, but I was only struck by the coincidence of the names being the same. How was it possible to conjecture that the strange young lady, who came to South Wennock, as to a strange place, could belong to a family who already lived at it?"

"She did not know we lived at it," spoke Lady Jane. "When we moved to it, the previous October, from the neighborhood of Plymouth, my father forbade me to inform my sister Clarice of our movements; he was in much anger against her. When I wrote, therefore, I wrote as from Plymouth, and her letters were still sent there and forwarded on to me."

"Then that may account for her fainting the evening of her arrival!" uttered Judith.—"While Mrs. Gould was talking to her about the place, she mentioned Captain and the Miss Chesneys as having come to live at it, and that Mr. Carlyon attended them and was intimate. She fainted right off; she may have felt alarmed at coming thus into the very jaws of her family. My ladies, I think I have told all."

And a most important "all" it was; fully establishing, in the minds of those present, the awful guilt of Mr. Carlyon.

When the town rose next morning, it little foresaw the uproar that was to overtake it ere the day should close; Mr. Carlyon had been taken into custody on a charge of murder!

But who had accused him? Lady Jane Chesney? Frederick Grey? Judith Ford? No, none of them. His accuser was Mrs. Smith, the self-called mother of the child, then lying dead. It appeared that Mr. Carlyon, rushing upon his fate (how can a murderer help it?) went to the cottage the previous night, his apprehensions having been excited by Lady Jane. He got talking with the woman, going to work, as he thought, in a safe and cautious way, anxious no doubt to ascertain what she knew and what she did not know. Her suspicions had been already directed towards Mr. Carlyon, though she had abstained from hinting so to Lady Jane, remembering what he was to her sister Laura; and, whether he let fall any unlucky admission, or whether she acted solely upon surmise, certain it is, that she went forthwith to the magistrates, as soon as the next day dawned. They listened to her tale with closed doors, and then issued their warrant against Lewis Carlyon.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

## GADALL GLEANINGS.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### How Aunty Scranton "Ketched Her Husband."

Le' me see, where did I leave off, Sook? Oh, I rec'lect. I'd got as fur 's the *tetytete* yer par an' me had the night o' that quilting. That was the *fust tetytete* we had, but 'twarn't the last one, not by no means. Wall, we was—but, lor, Sook! how flustered like I did feel when, right in the midst o' my story, I lookt up an' seen yer par a comin'! It eenamost made my heart jump right into my mouth. I never told nobody *jest* how I managed afore, ye know, Sook; an' I wouldn't now, only you're comin' *of an age* when you'd orter know somethin' about managin', so's to make a hansome settlement in life. There ain't nothin like good calc'lation, Sook, 'specially in securin' a husband. Tho', to be sure, anybody can't *allers see so far ahead as to come out right every time, yit*, it's better to have good calc'lation 'n no calc'lation—*that's so.*—But now, I *did* eenamost b'lieve yer par *did* hear somethin' 'at I wouldn't 'a had him to, I couldn't help feelin' so when he come in an' lookt at me with them gret searchin' eyes o' his'n.

What's that you're a sayin', Sook, about a guilty conscience? "Needs no acousin'?" I didn't think that o' *you*, Sook. Lor! I guess there ain't nobody but what has somethin' or nuther on their conscience, *ef* the truth was known.

Why, Sook, there ain't nobody in this world but what's sinners; an' I ain't the wust one in our place, by a gret sight. An' 'specially in courtin' business there's as much calc'lation an' deception carried on by one as another, as fur 's I can see. Why, in sich a world as this, Sook, of ye don't keep your eyes peeled, you don't stand no chance at all. Now, Sook, I've tried my best to put the right sort o' notions into your head, to teach you how to set the best foot forrard, an' make folks know an' realize that you mean to be somethin' in the world, but I don't see as you make any sort of advancement. I'm clean discouraged. It's more this 'n anything else 'at's made me conclude to tell you *my* story. I didn't know but it might conduce you to emerlate my example. Wall, now, where did I leave off? Oh, yer par was just a sayin' to me, says he,

"I s'pose you're about 's well acquainted with cousin Josephine as anybody!"

Ses I, "I s'pose I be. I've knowed her from ever sense she was knee-high to a grasshopper, an' a more pleasanter, obliginer 'gal I don't know anywhere—but—then—" says I, an' stopped.

"But then, *what?*" says yer par, says he.

I kep' a lookin' down, an' sighed. He looked at me, an' sighed, too. Then he says agin, a minute arter, says he,

"But *what?*"

I kinder stole a glance toward him out o' them black eyes o' mine, an' I seen he was a lookin' at me as ef he'd look me through.

I felt kinder all overish, but I recovered in a minute, an' says I, "she's your cousin, Mister Scranton, an' it's a delerkit matter to talk on with *you*; an' then, too, what I've ben told in confidence, an' solemnly promised not to tell, why I can't tell of course." Now, there hadn't ben nothin' told me, Sook, in the world, an' I didn't say 'at there *had*, but I made *him* think so. "Wall," says I, "s'pose we turn the subject. How do you like the Doolittle gals, Mister Scranton?" At this yer par kinder scroocched up his shoulders—you know that way o' his'n—an' laughed. I laughed too. They was good gals enough—them Doolittle gals—an' allers ready to do a sarvice; but, oh my! so *powerful humbly*. Why, there was Kizzy—she was the humblest o' 'em—she was so mortal humbly 'at her cousin Peter would say to her, "Kizzy," says he, "cousin Kizzy, can you sleep o' nights?"

"Yis," says Kizzy, says she, "why?"

"Oh, nothin'," says Peter, says he, "only you're so mortal humbly, I didn't s'pose you *could* sleep o' nights for thinkin' o'mt."

"Oh, you git away now, you plaguy torment," says Kizzy, says she.

Wall, as I was a sayin', them Doolittle gals was *so* humbly, but they was jest the smartest gals anywhere in the country. Folks allers invited 'em to quiltin's an' sewin' bees, an' apple pairin's, an' sich like, 'cause they six gals would do more work'n all the *rest* o' the company, put 'em all together, an' they never used to catch no beaux, scasely ever.

"How did yer par an' me git through our *tetytete*?" Why, jest the best an' most satisfactory way you could imagine. An' Sam an' me work'd round an' managed so'at in less'n tew months yer par 'n me was man an' wife. Sampson had seen 'at yer par was a steppin' round, an' he'd ben hoppin' mad, an' waited on fust one gal an' then another, thinkin' he'd make me jealous, I s'pose. Wall, yer par 'n I was married all of a sudden, as you may say; an' when we *was* married, Sampson jest acted as ef he was beside hisself fur a week or so, an' then he up an' married the fust gal he could git to have him, an' that was Welthy Worden; an' they've lived like cats an' dogs ever sense, till lately he's posted his wife, an' his darter Sally keeps his house, an' I guess he enjoys some piece o' mind for the fust time this many a year.

Oh, but *didn't* I feel *some* proud when I become *Miss Bennydad* Scranton! An' I should a had good *reason* to be proud of it hadn't a ben fur old Farther Scranton's poor calc'lation. But disappintment's the lot of all men an' some women, tew, I've hearn say. But 'twarnt fur enny fault in *my* calc'lation 'at I didn't git to be mistress o' that big Scranton farm. 'Twas all yer old grandpar Scranton's doin's, confounded old codger! It makes me mad every time I think on't. It allers goes agin my grain to call him *Father Scranton*, an' in fact I wouldn't, Sook, *ef* I didn't kinder stand in fear o' yer par. Ye see the way the farm was lost was this way. Jest arter we got married, an' jest as we was on the p'int o' startin' fur up country on our bridle tower, what should turn up but old daddy Scranton should sign for a man 'at he put all confidence in, an' the man run away, an' he had his debts to pay, an' everything had to go for't—the hull estate, farm, house, barns, housen stuff, stalk, poultry, an' all!—that is, all but a sorril colt 'at he'd made over to Bennydad. An' so what does the old feller dew, but he gits on to that sorrel colt—the old woman was dead, thank fortin—an' come down country to live upon yer par an' me. Wan't it hateful?

So Bennydad had to take a farm at the halves, an' our folks fitted us out for housekeepin'—an' we jist had to scratch for a livin'. 'Twas mighty different from what I'd had reason to expect it would be, but 't warn't no fault in *my* calc'lation. But, Sook, I didn't git over that disapp'intment 'bout the farm in ever so long. I tried to hold up my head, tho', as high as anybody, an' made jist as much as I could o' yer par, 'cause I knew there was them 't thought I married for the farm, an' I couldn't bear to have folks know how I felt inside about it. Now, I must say, arter all, I think yer par 'n I's done pooty well in the world, spite o' discouragements. We was both young an' smart, an' turned tew an' *done the best we could, an' now we've got* a farm 't's better 'n Sampson Whipple's, an' fetches us a good big rent, an' this nice house 'n lot in the village here besides.

"What become o' Josephine?" Why, she kinder moped round a spell, arter we got married, but pooty soon there come along a Bosting chap, an' snapped her up in the twinklin' of an eye, as you may say. Nobody hadn't no kind of intimation of the matter till all of a suddin the news come out—an' fust we knew, they was off to Bosting together, as grand as princes, an' there they say, they *dew* live in the grandest style imaginable. *I* think she *was* mighty reeky, myself, to marry a stranger so, an' on so short acquaintance. It shows anyhow 't she was bound to git married to somebody or 'nother. *She* tried to make out 't her man's folks was old a'quaintances o' her mar's; but lor, Sook, I guess there warn't many 't believed it. *If* 't *was* so, 't was strange 't I never heard nothin' about it till 't all come out with the weddin'. Why, Sook, I'd knowed the hull family for years, an' there ain't much 't happens to the families in Gadall 't I don't hear of. I don't, of course, though, pertend to actually say it *warn't*.

But I never was sorry 'at brother Sam didn't have Josephine, though he felt bad enough an' mad enough to kill that Bosting chap. But *I* never wanted her in the family. I'm glad she lives so fur off, I hope she won't never come to Gadall, never, an' I guess she won't, 'cause her par an' mar is both dead, an' she haint no near relations in this part o' the country, thouts Bennydad, an' I guess she don't set no gret store by *him*, nor me nuther, for that matter. You see he shewed her't he thought there was somethin' about her't warnt all right, an' I don't 'spose she's ever forgot it of him. But lor, Sook! ef you ever tell anybody o' this 't I've let out to you, you'll wish you hadn't now, I bid you.

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"Fine complexion Mrs. B——— has got," said Brown, to his friend Bristles, the artist. "I know it," replied Bristles, "she and I buy our colors at the same shop."

An inveterate bachelor being asked why he did not secure some one's company in his voyage on the ocean of life, replied, "I would, if I were sure such an ocean would be *pacific*."

Miss Toodles says a friend of hers has invented a machine to renovate old bachelors. Out of a good-sized, fat old bachelor, he can make quite a decent young man, and have enough left for two small puppies.

A lady, on mercy bent, was making a visit to the Penitentiary, and was permitted to look through the various wards. In one room she saw three women engaged in sewing, and turning to the keeper, who was showing her about, said to him, in an under tone, "Dear me! the most vicious-looking women I ever saw in my life! What are they put here for?" "They are here," he replied, "because I am here; they are my wife and daughters, madam." Madam escaped as fast as possible.

## NEWS ITEMS.

An Enthusiastic Sailor.—During the performance of the Sea of Ice at the Theatre Royal, London, at the point where the ice breaks up, and Maria is left upon a block of ice, a sailor sprang out of the pit, seized the girl in his arms and shouted, "She's saved!" Such a shout of laughter as greeted the chivalric act of Jack was never heard in that house before.

A Soldier recently died in Washington Territory under peculiar circumstances. A post-mortem examination disclosed the fact that death was caused by poison, in the form of oxalic acid, taken while eating strawberries from metal cans, wherein they generally come enclosed. The poison had formed from the acidity of the fruit coming in contact with the metal.

The Memphis Avalanche says that the body of a young lady was recently disinterred, after a burial of five years, and that when the metallic case was opened, not only were the body and hair in an excellent state of preservation, but a full-blown japonica, placed between the fingers of the corpse, was still blooming.

Horse-Power.—A hungry politician went to Washington to get an office, and there being no other vacancy, he got an appointment as assistant engineer, with a very comfortable salary, though he knew no more about steam and machinery than a lad of ten years. The day after his appointment, a gentleman and two ladies had the curiosity to look at the engine room and its machinery, where they found the new office-holder on duty merely as gentleman usher, practical engineers doing the real duty of the so-called "assistant engineer." "How many horse-power is your engine?" "*Horse power!*" replies greeny, with a look of mingled pity and contempt; "*don't you know the machine goes by steam!*"

How the Reduced Photographs Could be Used in Time of War.—Speaking of the photographic copy of the Declaration of Independence taken upon a surface no larger than a pin's head, which may now be seen in Salem, and can be read with a powerful microscope, the Salem Gazette says:

"When such success in reducing the size of documents and likenesses has been attained by the photographic art, it is easy to imagine what might be accomplished in time of war, by the use of the microscope. The most important official document could be contained in an ordinary vest-button, and worn with impunity by a spy in an enemy's camp, or by a traitor eager to injure an active army of his own country."

To Save the Ladies from Running Up.—By adding to the starch used in preparing their dresses, a tablespoonful of common alum in a powdered state; the alum makes the dress far stiffer, and prevents it bursting into flame when placed in contact with any burning substance.

Remarkable Movement in Turkey.—The Missionary Herald for April contains a letter from Dr. Shauffler, dated Constantinople, 16th November last, which speaks of a remarkable religious movement among the Turks. A new sect has started up, under the lead of a Doctor of Mahometan theology and lecturer in a theological school, which holds doctrines closely resembling those of Protestant Christians. The sect already numbers about 10,000, and many thousands sympathize with them who have not actually joined them.

Connecticut has gone for the Republicans by a reduced majority, 536 votes. They have an increased majority in the Legislature.

Rhode Island.—Sprague—the candidate on the three allied tickets, Democratic, American, and Conservative Republican—is elected Governor over Padelford (Repub.) by nearly 2,000 majority. Republican majority last year 5,392.

The Bill punishing polygamy in the Territories of the United States, passed the House last week by 149 yeas to 60 nays. As the District of Columbia is excepted from the operations of the Bill, it is argued that polygamy is thus established here by a negative pregnant, as a kind of Congressional prerogative!

Cranberries.—The Boston Post says the cranberry fever still rages at Cape Cod, and the people there have entered into their spring work of *cranberry planting. Nearly every* acre of marsh, swamp or upland which can be made available for its culture have been secured by capitalists, and are now being speedily transformed into rich and valuable cranberry meadows.

A Negro Marriage.—The following form of marriage is stated to have actually taken place recently between two negroes, with a negro minister, at Live Creek, Ga., and is further said to be the form generally used there. We do not vouch for its truth, but give it as we find it:—

Here is a couple who have walked out to-night, wishing to be jined in, and through love and wishing dem dat have any ting twizen dem come forward and speak now, if not, let them hold their peace for ever more. I want every ear to hear and every heart to enjoy.

Mr. Jim Thompson, whosoever stands lastly by your left side, do you take her for your dearly beloved wife, to wait on her through sickness and through health, safe and be safe, holy and be holy, loving and beloving? Do you love her mother? Do you love her father? Do you love her brothers? Do you love her sisters? Do you love her master? Do you love her mistress? Do you love God the best?"

Answer—"I do."

Miss Mary Thompson, whosoever stands lastly by your right side, do you take to be your dearly beloved husband, to wait on him through health and *conflution*, safe and be safe, holy and be holy? Do you love his mother? Do you love his father? Do you love his sister? Do you love God the best?

Answer—"I will."

I shall pronounce Mr. Jim to hold Miss Mary lastly by the right hand, and I shall pronounce you both to be man and wife, by the *Commandments of God*. We shall *hopes* and trusting through God that you may die right, raw and forever more. Now, Mr. Jim, *slew* your bride.

Let us sing a hyme:

"Plunged is a gulf of dark despair,
Ye wretched sinners are, &c."

A Funny Case.—A man named Pierce Kitchen was recently tried in the Quarter Sessions of this city, for an assault and battery on his wife. Mrs. Kitchen was brought to the stand—couldn't swear that her husband had ever struck her, but swore that he indulged in whiskey, and failed to support his family. Mr. Kitchen pleaded his own *cause*—saying the lawyers were humbugs. "Mrs. Kitchen, gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Kitchen, "is a member of a church. Mrs. Kitchen forsakes her *kitchen*, and spends half her time in the church lecture-room. While my breeches are running to wool, and the children going about with ill-kept noses and dilapidated extremities, Mrs. Kitchen is indulging in confab with a lot of old ladies about the shocking nudity of the South Sea islanders. While willing to provide for her, gentlemen of the jury, I ain't willing to feed *all* the brethren of the church, nor to give Bohea parties to twenty people twice a week, neither. If I've got tight on the strength of such provocation, gentlemen of the jury, it ain't a bit more than the best of you would have done if placed in my circumstances; and if you was me, and I was you—knowing the case as I do—I'd render a verdict of acquittal, and served the woman right." The jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty"—thinking evidently that Mrs. Kitchen should give more attention to her own kitchen and her little kitchens.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 196—Adults 97, and children 99.

The Skeleton of the Palace.—The Causerie Russe contains some interesting details of the betrayal of Miss Tarakanoff by Gregory Orloff, one of the favorites of Catherine II. This lady, who claimed to the natural daughter of the Empress Elizabeth and Count Razoumoffski, and to be entitled to the throne of Russia by virtue of a will of Elizabeth, which, she said Catherine had destroyed, travelled through Turkey, Greece, Germany, and Italy in search of a government which would espouse her cause. Catherine, whose persistent efforts to entrap her give probability to her story, failing in all other means, at last sent her favorite, Orloff, in pursuit of her, enjoining him to bring her back to Russia dead or alive. Orloff, pretending that he had fallen into disgrace, put himself into relations with Miss Tarakanoff in Naples, conspired with her against Catherine, and, more perfectly to deceive her, asked her hand in marriage. He persuaded her to go on board a Russian vessel for the performance of the ceremony; there the Russian Rear Admiral arrested her. He took her to Cronstadt, and that is the last that was ever heard of her. During the year past a terrible rumor has arisen that it was her skeleton which was found walled up in a closet in the palace of Zarskoe-Zelo while fitting the apartment of the hereditary Grand Duke.

Romantic, Very.—Mr. Surveyor Hart, of New York, has fallen heir to an estate under the following romantic circumstances. Years ago, when in Paris, a lovely Jewess became enamored of him, but he did not return the passion. When he came back to New York, he still remained the object of her tender recollections, which were shown by her sending him, on the several annual feast days of her ancient faith, valuable presents—sweet mementoes which only the delicate taste of woman knows how to summon up. Every feast of the Passover, as well as every other Mosaic day of mark, accordingly there were dispatched to this city, sentimental objects of art and vertiu; and neither distance, time, nor the absence of a reciprocity treaty, could abate her love the least. As she was faithful in life so was she true in death, for the news arrived the other day that the poor lady had gone to the better world, and, dying, bequeathed to Mr. Hart an estate. It was legally necessary for him to go abroad to look after it, and, accordingly, he sailed on Saturday for Hamburg, where the estate lies. Where's that lovely and wealthy lady who years ago fell in love with us? She need not wait till she dies though.

Insanity the Result of a Joke.—There is now in a female lunatic asylum at Hammersmith, says the London *Court Circular*, a lady of exquisite beauty, who was driven mad by being suddenly startled by her maid. The lady's name is H———, and she resided with her husband, Mr. H———, a wealthy share-broker, at a splendid mansion in Cavendish square. One evening, about six week ago, she strolled in the dusk into her husband's library, to procure a book. The lady's maid saw her enter the apartment, and in a mere frolic concealed herself behind the curtains belonging to the window, until her mistress had placed her hand upon the work she came in search of, when she suddenly sprang upon her with a loud shout. The lady was so astounded by the shock, that she was struck almost senseless. Delirium ensued; confirmed madness followed, which has ever since continued without abatement, to a degree dangerous to all who come near her. Her propensities are fierce and vicious; she tries to bite at all who approach her, and it is more than probable she will never recover her reason.

Foreign News.—Sardinia is said to have ceded Savoy and Nice to France by treaty.—*The Municipal Council of Nice* had voted in favor of remaining with Sardinia, or else becoming an independent State.

The Pope is said to have excommunicated Victor Emmanuel—though not his people. Le Nord says, the moment the Pope's bull is fulminated, the cities of Milan, Genoa, Leghorn, Turin, Bohemia, and Florence have agreed to illuminate, and give the character of a national celebration to the event.

The official gazette publishes a royal decree annexing the province of Æmelia to Sardinia.

Florence Nightingale was so seriously ill that prayers were offered up for her in the various garrison chapels of England. Mrs. Jameson, the authoress, died on the 17th ult.

The Niagara brings advices to March 24. The annexation of Tuscany has been formally accepted by Sardinia. The French troops are leaving Tuscany, and occupying Savoy. Russia, Prussia, and Austria have acquiesced in the annexation of Savoy by France, stating that, as the question stood, it is no business of theirs. Agitation and arrests continue in Hungary. Cotton is about the same—Flour has advanced 6d. Provisions not quite so firm.

☞ Christian Courtesy.—A newspaper writer, imitating the prevalent practice among editors of puffing everybody who has shown them the commonest civility, "for their courteous and gentlemanly conduct," returns thanks to "the parson and proprietors of the Stone church," in a city he had just visited, for the privilege of promenading up and down "the broad aisle of the same, on Sunday last, in search of a seat, unmolested."

☞ Knowing.—The fellow who wrote the following is an expert, and we would wager a kiss with the handsomest "houri" in town, that he has graduated with "high honors," from some fair maiden's bower:—

"Strawberries and cream, when 'tis hot,
May induce us to stay, and not rove,
But plums, roses, cream, and berries, are not
Like a kiss from the girl that I love."

☞ Upon the occasion of Thackeray's first lectues in London, he saw, on looking over the house, before going forward to the desk, the well-known person of Macaulay on the third bench from the front. Turning to some friends, he said: "A five-pound note to any man who will get Macaulay out of the house." "Egad, sir," said he, in relating the circumstance, "I felt like a fellow with a sixpence in his pocket, in the banking-house of the Barings."

☞ Four hundred years have elapsed since the invention of printing, yet books are not yet in universal circulation, while the use of tobacco became so within fifty years of its discovery.

☞ A young lady has discovered the reason why married men, from the age of thirty years and upwards, are more or less bald; they scratch the hair off in dismay at their wives' long millinery bills!

☞ Put no dependence on genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing worth having is to be obtained without it.

☞ It is a general remark that all classes of persons are ever ready to *give* their opinions. We think the lawyers must be excepted; they sell theirs. And they are often no better than other people's.

☞ A pert young lawyer once boasted to an old member of the bar, that he had received two hundred dollars for speaking in a certain law-suit. "Pooh!" replied the other, "I received double that sum for keeping silent in that very self-same case!"

☞ No dust affects the eyes like gold-dust, and no glasses like brandy glasses.

☞ What is the best to prevent old maids from des-pairing?—Echo—Pairing.

☞ Sidney Smith, that wise and witty parson, somewhere remarks in his many spicy "talks"—"Country life is very good, in fact, the *best*—for cattle, but as for me, I must have society."

☞ A hungry man does right well to eat the egg; for he might starve before it got to be a pullet.

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been very little demand, either for shipment or home use, but with continued light receipts of Flour, holders, if anything, are rather firmer in their views at the close; the market, however, has ruled very quiet, and the sales for shipment only reach about 5000 bbls, in small lots, at $5,62½@5,75 for superfine, chiefly at the latter rate, which is now the uniform asking price for standard brands; $6@6,12½ for extras; $6,20@6,50 for family, and $7 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, closing with more sellers than buyers at these rates. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent only, within the above range of prices for superfine, extras and fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is very little inquired for, and selling in a small way at $4,25 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal also rules dull, with further small sales of Penna Meal at $3,50 ℔ bbl, at which rate it is held.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been light, and the demand fair, and prices, at the close, are rather better, sales reaching some 16,000 bus, in lots, at 140@145c for fair to good and strictly prime Penna and Southern Reds, and 155@165c for common to good and choice White, the latter for handsome Southern, which is scarce. Rye continues in demand, and all offered finds ready sale at 86c for Penna, and 84c for Southern. Corn is rather more active at the close, and about 26,000 bus Yellow found buyers at 71@72c for fair to prime, and from 55 to 67c for damaged lots, as to condition; the former is scarce. Oats are steady in price, with further sales of 14,000 bus, at 44½c for good Delaware, and 45@47c for Penna, as in quality.—Barley and Barley Malt are quiet, the former selling as wanted at 80@85c, and the latter at 90@95c. Of Shipstuff, sales are reported at $26@25 ℔ ton for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally is firmer, the high views of holders having a tendency to check business; some 600 bbls Pork, however, changed hands, mostly at $18@18,25 ℔ bbl, the latter for heavy city Mess, cash; prime is rather scarce. Of Beef, the sales are limited to small lots, taken for ship stores, at quotations.—Bacon moves off as wanted, principally to go South, at 10½c for Sides, and 8½c for Shoulders. Hams range at 10½@12½c for plain and fancy cured. Of Green Meats the sales reach about 1000 pkgs, mostly Hams in pickle, at a price kept private, including some at 9½@10c; do in salt at 9½@9½c; Sides at 9½c, and Shoulders at 7½@7½c, in salt, on the usual credit; now held higher. Lard has been steady, and further small sales of bbls and tcs at 11½@11½c, cash and time, and kegs at 12c. Butter is unchanged, and Roll rather scarce at 16@18c, the latter for prime lots; solid packed sell slowly at 10@11c. Cheese is moving off at 11½@12c ℔ lb, and Eggs at 13c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market remains inactive, and prices without any quotable change; the demand, however, is principally for the fine grades, which command full rates, while inferior qualities, of which the bulk of the stock now consists, are dull and unsettled. The sales comprise about 950 bales, *mostly Uplands, in lots, at from 7¼ to 12½c*, cash and time.

BARK—Quercitron continues in demand and scarce, with further small receipts and sales of 1st No 1 at $29 ℔ ton; some holders ask more. In Tanners' Bark we hear of no sales.

BEESWAX—There is very little demand, and the market is dull at 35c for good Yellow.

COAL—The receipts are fair for the season, without any quotable change. Schuylkill W Ash, Lump, ℔ ton, $3,20@3,25; Prepared do, $3,20@3,25; Red Ash do, $3,40@3,45; Lehigh, Lump, $3,50@3,60; Prepared do, $3,50@3,60; by retail, do, $4,25@4,50; Sch Prepared, do, $4@4,25.

COFFEE—There is no Rio arriving, and the market is nearly bare of stock, a few lots only having been disposed of at from 13½c to 14½. Some further small sales of Laguayra are also reported at 14c; Java at 16½c and 344 bags St Domingo at 12½c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER continues dull, but without any change to note in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal.

FEATHERS continue dull, the receipts and stocks being light, and the sales limited at 46@48c ℔ lb.

FRUIT is dull. Dried Apples are selling in a small way only at about 6c. Peaches are scarce and high.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ℔ lb $2@2,50; Rocky Mt., $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin, 10@14c; Nutria do, 30@45c; Raccoon do, 35@50c.

HEMP—There is little or nothing doing in the way of sales, and no change to note.

HIDES—There have been no further arrivals of foreign, and we hear of no sales.

HOPS move in lots as wanted at 12@15c ℔ lb, as in quality, for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market continues dull, and most holders are more anxious to sell; the demand, however, is limited, and only about 1200 tons Anthracite Pig Metal found buyers, in lots, at $23 for No 1, and $22 for No 2, on time. Scotch Pig is unchanged, and the sales limited. Blooms continue at a stand still. Boiler Plates sell as wanted at quotations. In Bars and Rails there is rather more doing, without change in rates. Nails are also more active, and prices are firmer.

LEAD—The market is nearly bare of stock, and buyers and sellers being apart of their views, we hear of no sales this week.

LEATHER—There is a moderate business doing for the season, and good Spanish Sole and Rough Slaughter Leather are scarce and wanted at full prices.

LUMBER is beginning to arrive more freely Among the sales we notice some White Pine shipping Boards at $15; Susquehanna do $14,50@17. Yellow Sap do $15@16; Lehigh Hemlock $10,50@11. Laths, in lots, at $2; Pickets at $7@7,50 ℔ M, and Cypress Shingles at $13 for 2 feet, and $19 for long do.

MOLASSES is firmer with reduced stock to operate in, and further sales of New Orleans are reported at 45c, now held higher, clayed Cuba at 26c, and Muscovado at 28@33c, as in quality, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER—But little offering or selling, and we are only advised of a sale at $3,75 ℔ ton.

SEEDS have been very quiet, and the sales of Clover, mostly in a small way, at $4@4,50 ℔ bus, as in quality. Timothy is also selling at $3@3,25, and domestic Flaxseed at $1,60@1,62 ℔ bus, and the latter is very scarce. Sales of some 6000 bags Calcutta Linseed are reported, part before arrival, on terms kept private. Of Red Top sales have been made at $2,12½@2,75 ℔ sack.

SPIRITS—There is a good demand for Brandies at the advance; prices have improved fully 10c ℔ gallon within the last two weeks, with the prospect of a further rise. Gin steady but quiet. N. E. Rum is selling at 35@36c, as to lots. Whiskey is lower, but the market closes with a little steadiness on the part of holders, sales of bbls having been made to some extent at 21@21½c for Pennsylvania, 22@22½c for Western, 19½@20 for drudge, and about 21c for hhds.

SUGARS are firmer and rather more active, and sales include about 2000 hhds in lots, mostly for refining, at 6¼@7c for Cuba, 6¼@7¾c for New Orleans, and 7@8c for Porto Rico, on time. Refined sugars are lower.

TALLOW—The market is quiet, and city rendered sells slowly at 10½c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO—Business is mostly to supply the wants of the trade at steady rates, including some prime Kentucky on terms kept private.

WOOL—The stock is very much reduced but buyers come forward slowly, and the transactions have been limited to a few small lots within the range of quotations.


## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
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J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.


☞ Reasons for not Wearing Goloshes.—On Sunday night, two young women were wending their way down Fawcett Street, plodding through the snow, and descanting on the influence of the frozen element on the health and comfort of the human body, when one turned to her companion with the inquiry, "Does thou weer goloshes?" "No," rejoined the other, "not I; they mak yer feet so oogly. Aw darn't weer them. Aw once had a sweetheart, an he gav it the bag because aw had such big feet!"—*Sunderland Herald.*

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2000 head. The prices ranged from 8 to 10½c ℔ lb. Sheep—5000 head arrived, and sold at from 5½ to 6½c ℔ lb. Cows—65 head sold at from $25 to 40 ℔ head, as in quality.

At Imbolt's Hog market 1535 head were sold. The selling prices were for "still" fed $7,00 to 8,50, and for corn fed $8,00@9,00 ℔ 100 lbs net.

### NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 7.—BREADSTUFFS—Quiet—Sales of 5500 bbls at $5,25 for State, and $5,05@6,15 for Southern. Ohio is unchanged. Wheat buoyant; sales of 30,000 bus at 122@123c for Milwaukee club, and 120c for Chicago spring. Corn buoyant; sales of 10,000 bus at 73c for mixed, 80c for white, and 76c for yellow. Pork heavy at $17,40@17,75. Lard heavy. Whiskey steady at $22½c.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At St. James's Church, Philadelphia, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Morton, Lewis T. Brooke, of Radnor, Delaware county, to Annie, daughter of Geo. Gale, Esq. of Bristol, Pa.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. William W. Helm, to Miss Rachel Wiot, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the same, Mr. William J. Woodruff, to Miss Lucy A. Tracy, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the same, Mr. John Zeddenbender, Jr. to Miss Rebecca F. White, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Robert Adair, Mr. E. Galt, of Bucks county, Pa. to Miss Mary Devlin, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. F. T. Calthop per, Mr. John Stephens, to Miss Ann E. White, both of Camden, N. J.

On Sunday evening, April 1st, by the Rev. Dr Swentzel, Mr. Frederick Gyss, to Miss Susan Mathews, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. McKean, John E. Carrit, Esq. of Halifax, N. S., to Mrs Clara Terse, of this city.

On the 29th of Sept. 1859, by the Rev. J. H Lightbourn, Mr. James De Doherty, to Miss Rosabella Knorr, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of April 1st, Mr. Andrew Wright, in his 60th year.

On the 31st of March, Mr. Michael Sager, in his 82d year.

On the 30th ultimo, Mary Jane, wife of Edwin James, in her 29th year.

On the 30th of March, Jacob B. Lancaster, in his 60th year.

On the 1st instant, Sarah O. daughter of Samuel and the late Maria Lewis, aged 28 years.

On the morning of the 2d instant, Conrad Wolf, in his 81st year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. Amanda Sisty, wife of the Rev. M. H. Sisty, of Philada. Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, in her 37th year.

On the 2d instant, Joseph R. Taylor, in his 33d year.

On Sunday afternoon, April 1st, Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong, in her 52d year.

On the 2d instant, Rebecca Jane, wife of Josiah H Brannon, in her 30th year.

Suddenly, on the 2d instant, at Brandywine Village, Del. Mary Ann, wife of Benjamin Brierley, aged 51 years.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| LOANS. | | |
| U S 6 pr ct, 1868 | | |
| " " '62 | 105 | — |
| " " '61 | 109 | — |
| " " '81 | 109 | — |
| " "s" coupon '74 | 103 | — |
| Phila 6 pr ct, old | 101 | — |
| " " new | 104 | — |
| " " | 84 | — |
| Penna 5 pr ct, | 97 | — |
| " " coupon | 90 | — |
| All'ny City 6 pr ct | 65 | 70 |
| " County | — | — |
| R R issue | 44 | 50 |
| Penn 6 pr ct | 102 | — |
| " 5 " | 94½ | 95 |
| Tenn 6 " | 91½ | 92 |
| " 5 " coupon | 70 | — |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | — | 104½ |
| Missouri " | 70½ | — |
| Ohio " 1885 | 108½ | — |
| N Carolina 6 pr ct | 98½ | 98½ |
| Virginia " | 97½ | — |
| Ind State 5 pr ct | 92 | — |
| Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds | 91½ | 92 |
| N Y City, 1875-6 | 114 | 116 |
| BANK STOCKS, &c. | | |
| PHILADELPHIA | | |
| North America | 150½ | 140 |
| Philadelphia | 119 | 120 |
| Far & Mec | 59 | 62½ |
| Commercial | 69½ | — |
| N Liberty | — | 61 |
| Mechanics | 26½ | 27 |
| Southwark | 42 | — |
| N Townsh'p | 53 | 55½ |
| Kensington | 64 | 65 |
| Girard | 77½ | — |
| Western | — | 48 |
| Man & Mec | 26½ | 27 |
| Commerce | — | 79 |
| Tradesman's | 21½ | — |
| City | 41 | — |
| Consolidation | — | — |
| Commonwealth | 27 | 29½ |
| Corn Exchange | 30½ | — |
| Germantown | — | 70 |
| Pittsburg, Pitt'bg | 58 | — |
| Exchange " | 56 | — |
| Kentucky, Ky | 102 | — |
| Northern " | 126 | — |
| Louisville " | 102½ | — |
| Farmers " | 118 | — |
| Union, Nash, Tenn | 88 | — |
| Planters " | — | 100 |
| N O Gas Light | 101 | — |
| Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg | 7 | 7½ |
| Washington Gas Light Co | 25½ | — |
| Lehigh Zinc | — | — |
| New Creek | — | 4 |
| New Granada | — | 4 |
| N America Ins'ce | 17 | 20 |
| N Liberties Gas | 90 | — |
| Southwark and Frankford P R | 51 | 51½ |
| Bonds | — | 90½ |

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS. | | |
| Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds | — | 101 |
| " " 2nd " | 90½ | 91 |
| " " stock | 33½ | 33½ |
| Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864 | — | 95 |
| " " stock | 122½ | 123½ |
| Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70 | — | 90 |
| " " mort 6's '44 | — | — |
| " " '86 | 71½ | 72 |
| " " stock | 23½ | 23½ |
| Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct | 89 | 90 |
| " " stock | 42 | 44 |
| Phil, Wil & Balt stock | 33 | 40 |
| 6 pr ct loan, '60 | 95½ | — |
| Cinn Wil R R, '75 | 38½ | — |
| Tioga R R '75 | — | 45 |
| Wil'me & Elmira 1st mort | 30 | 30 |
| " " 2nd " | 11½ | 12 |
| " " stock | — | 1½ |
| Catawissa " | 4 | — |
| Beaver Meadow stock | — | 24 |
| " preferred 10 pr ct | 24 | — |
| North Penn'a R R stock | 3 | 3½ |
| 6 pr ct loan | 64½ | 65 |
| Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off | 43 | 43½ |
| 6 pr ct loan | 97 | 102 |
| Mansfield R R | 72½ | 77½ |
| Mar & Lan R R stock | — | — |
| bonds '63 | 90 | — |
| L. Schuylkill R R stock | — | — |
| Long Island R R stock | 11½ | 11½ |
| " bonds | 65 | 69 |
| Erie R R stock | — | — |
| Hudson River R R | — | — |
| N Y Central | 89½ | — |
| Michigan Central | 67½ | 68½ |
| Illinois | 87 | — |
| Michigan Southern | 17½ | — |
| CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS. | | |
| Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '32 | 72½ | — |
| " " imp. 6 pr ct | 16 | — |
| " " stock | — | 13 |
| " " preferred | 17½ | 18 |
| Lehigh Nav stock | — | 52½ |
| " mort 6 pr ct | 100 | 101 |
| " scrip | 31½ | 32 |
| Morris Canal 'd | 58½ | — |
| " preferred | 109½ | 110 |
| Ches & Del | 45 | — |
| " bonds | 78 | — |
| Union " | 1 | — |
| " bonds | — | 50 |
| Sus & Tidewater " | 14 | 5 |
| " bonds, 1879 | 50 | — |


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## BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, April 7, 1860.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pennsylvania. | | South Carolina. | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | ¼ dis |
| New Jersey. | | Alabama. | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 to 2½ dis |
| Delaware | | Mississippi. | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | All bks | uncertain |
| Maryland. | | Louisiana. | |
| Baltimore | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Ohio. | |
| New York. | | Solv bks | 1 to 1½ dis |
| Sol bks | par to ¼ dis | Kentucky. | |
| Maine. | | Solv bks | 1 to 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Indiana. | |
| New Hampshire. | | State bank | 1 to 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Illinois. | |
| Vermont | | Solv bks | 3½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Missouri. | |
| Connecticut. | | Solv bks | 1½ to 2½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Tennessee. | |
| Massachusetts. | | Old bks | 1½ to 2½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Michigan. | |
| Rhode Island. | | Solv bks | 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Wisconsin. | |
| Virginia. | | Solv bks | 3 dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ to 1 dis | Texas. | |
| Dist. of Columbia. | | Commercial and Agricultural bank | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Galveston | — dis |
| North Carolina. | | Canada. | |
| Solv bks | ½ to 1½ dis | Solv bks | . dis |
| Georgia. | | | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | | |


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In a beautiful log cabin in the mountains of Old Virginia, our tale opens. Around, nature's loveliness was sublime. The lofty trees hung out their green leaves in perfection, and the high rocks caught the gray mists of the morning, and pressed them in their rough bosoms, until they melted in tears against their sides. A lovely maiden was sitting by a table, combing her hair with a fine-tooth comb—a manly form enters the door, and stealthily creeps up behind her—and—

CHAPTER II.

"Ah! John," exclaimed the lovely heiress of that beautiful cabin, and the extensive potato patch behind it, "you oughtn't to do that way!"

"Lay it all on my love, gal!"

"Love! there's no such a thing among folks!

"'The turtle dove
Only knows love'

As the poet sings."

"Then you don't love me?"

"No!"

"No! Jane, call back that word!"

"No! oh, no! Come back here! 'Twon't come, John—'tis gone!"

"Then I'm gone, too!"

And the impassioned youth rushed from the lovely cabin like a maniac.

CHAPTER III.

Sadly did the young man run along the road, while the girl, firm and submissive in the discharge of her duty, proceeded to fry some onions for dinner. Meanwhile, the youth rushed madly on; the burning fever of his heart maddened in his brain, and he thought of self-destruction. Jerking his pocket-comb from his vest pocket, vainly did he attempt to cut his throat. Nature, however, who had blessed him with a tough skin, proved too strong for him; he rushed to a wagon rut,—there was water at least two inches deep, and he flung himself into or rather upon it. There he lay for full five seconds, when Henry Cleft, the father of the gal, passed by.

CHAPTER IV.

He soon unfolded his sad tale to his friend, and finally consented to live, if Henry would give him a chew of tobacco. He returned to the house, and in his haggard countenance, Jane saw his unhappy condition. He never got over it, though. About twenty years after, he fell from a wagon, and his neck was broken, for a sheriff had thoughtlessly slipped a rope over his head. THE END.

*Rifle Practice.*—Some good stories have been produced by the "rifle movement" in England. Amongst them is one relating to Lord Elcho, an old crack deer-stalker, who found, to his mortification, that, strive as he would, he could not get into the first class. Among his more successful competitors, was a by-no-means distinguished looking Londoner, who gradually outstripped all his fellow-shooters, and ended by carrying off the first prize. Lord Elcho, curious to learn how he had gained his proficiency, asked him how he had acquired it?

"Oh," was the unpretending reply, "on cats, in my garden at Brompton."

A rural policeman, whose beat was about Ealing, came to his superior officer, the other day, and asked what claim he would have if disabled on duty; or his family, in case of his death. He was told that he would be in the usual position of other members of the force in this respect.

"Ah, but this 'ere's a hextra risk," he objected; "the hact didn't say hanything about these 'ere rifle volunteers; now, my beat's near a practising ground, and I've 'ad two bullets through my 'at already.—*Manchester Guardian.*

A PUZZLED PHYSICIAN.—Dr. Ferneau, of Suffolk county, was called a week or two since to visit a Canadian bricklayer, living at Cold Spring, and who was suffering from an attack of pleurisy. Dr. F. ordered him to apply a poultice to the part affected, and also left a potion to be taken internally. The suffering Canadian, thinking the outside application more palatable than the powder, reversed the physician's directions, and the next day found himself restored to health. On his rounds the next morning, the worthy physician called to see his bricklayer patient, and was surprised as well as pleased to find him up and at work, and attributing his recovery to the remedies he had prescribed, approached him with a query—

"So ho! you are well already, are you?"

"Oh, yees," replied the patient, beaming on the doctor with an expression of gratitude, 'I swallow de poul *teece* and rub all de pow-*dare* on de rib, and feel mooch bet-*tare* good!"

The puzzled physician satisfied himself that such was really the case, and then drove off whistling.

A LEARNED NEGRO.—Two Samboes were one day lying on a wood pile sunning themselves, when one of them suddenly broke forth in the following manner:

"I say, Ike, does yer tink dis world turns round on a axletree?"

"Well, Sam, I doesn't know; what does you tink?"

"Why, de world can't turn round on de axletree, 'cause it would come in contact wid de 'chinery ob de globe, bust de ingine, run de cars off de track, and squash all de passengers!"

"Sam, you is a larned nigger."

## RATHER FAST SKEETING.

### A LESSON TO SKATERS.

"It is just twenty years ago yesterday," says our narrator, "that a party of us fellers went over to Cacokia Creek, on a skating match. The day was colder than ten icebergs all stuck together, but the ice was as smooth as glass, and we made up our minds to have a heap of fun. Bill Berry was the leader of the crowd. He was a tall six-footer, full of pluck, and the best skater in all creation.—Give Bill Berry a pair of skates, and smooth sailing, and he'd make the trip to Baffin's Bay and back in twenty-four hours, only stopping long enough at Halifax to take a drink. Well, we got to the creek and fastened our skates on, and, after taking a good horn from Joe Turner's flask, started off in good style, Bill Berry in the lead. As I was tellin' ye, it was a dogonned cold day, and so we had to skate fast to keep the blood up. There was little breath holes in the ice, and every now and then we would come near goin' into 'em. My skates got loose, and I stopped to fasten 'em. Just as I had finished buckling the straps I heard a noise. I looked up, and saw something shooting along on the ice like lightning. It was Bill Berry's head. He had been goin' it like greased electricity, and before he knew it, he was into one of them cussed holes. The force was so great as to cut his head off against the sharp corners of the ice. 'It is all day with Bill Berry,' said I. 'And all night, too,' said Joe Turner. Just as he got these words out of his mouth, I looked at Bill's head, which had been goin' it on the ice, and all at once it dropped into another hole. We run to it, and I heard Bill Berry say, 'Quick, boys, quick!—pull me out!' I looked into the hole, and there, as true as I'm a sinner, was Bill Berry's body, which had shooted along under the ice, and met the head at a hole in the ice. It was so thunderin' cold that the head had frozen fast to the body, and we pulled Billy out as good as new. He felt a little numb at first, but after skating awhile, he felt as well as the rest of us, and laughed over the joke. We went home about dark, all satisfied with the day's sport. About ten o'clock in the evening, somebody knocked at the door, and said I was wanted over to Bill Berry's. I put on my coat and went over.—There lay Bill's body in one place and his head in another. His wife said that after he came home from skating, he sat down by the fire to warm himself, and while attempting to blow his nose, he threw his head into the fire-place.

"The coroner was called that night, and the verdict of the jury was, that 'Bill Berry came to his death by skeeting too fast.'"

ANOTHER OF THE SERMONS.—The last specimen of the "harp of a thousand strings" kind of sermons we have met with, is the following on "the three Simons." It was preached a few Sundays ago, at the Goose Creek Meeting-house, by a clergyman who "never had much of an edducation," and will be found very suggestive.

The reverend gentleman comes late, walks solemnly into the pulpit, and after having *gone through the formula* of his creed, comes to the sermon:—

"Brethrin, whilst I was riding here, an idea struck me, of great importance to the congregation. The Scriptures are full of instructions, and the Scriptures in various places makes various mention of various Simons.

"There was Simon Magnus, Simon Barjonay, and Simon Peter; but of all Simons in the Scriptures, there is no Simon like unto that Simon that lived down by the sea-shore, and he was a tanner.

"Saint Mathy takes this subject up. He speaks of many Simons, and he says that there was Simon Barjonay, Simon Peter, and Simon Magnus; but he also mentions that of all the Simons thar was no Simon like unto that Simon that lived down by the sea-side, and he was a tanner.

"Likewise Saint Mark testifies unto the Scriptures. He also says there was many Simons—that there was Simon Peter, Simon Magnus, and Simon Barjonay; but of all the Simons, thar was no Simon like unto that Simon that lived down by the sea-shore, and he was a tanner.

"So also Saint Luke and all the other saints bear witness unto the Scriptures—they all bear witness to these Simons, and they attest unto the truth, that of all the Simons thar was no Simon like unto that Simon that lived down by the sea-side, and he was a tanner.

"Glory unto Simon! Glory unto all the Simons! Glory unto that Simon that lived down by the sea-shore, for he was a tanner!"

ELOQUENCE OF THE HEART.—A lady was one day disputing with the celebrated Cromwell, Protector of England, on the art of oratory; she insisted that eloquence could not be acquired but by the most profound studies. He was of a different opinion, and maintained that true eloquence originated from the heart. "When the heart is moved," said the Lord Protector, "the most true and energetic expressions are drawn from it by the lips of the orator." The discussion ended, as discussions usually do, each holding to his or her own opinion. A short time after, this same lady was thrown unexpectedly into the most violent grief by the arrest of her husband, who was accused of the capital crime of treason, and shut up in the Tower of London to await his trial. The lady, in a paroxysm of tears, went and fell down at Cromwell's feet, and implored her husband's pardon, with expressions of the most lively eloquence. The Protector at first knit his eyebrows, and looked at her very severely, whilst she supplicated him. Exhausted with grief and with speaking, she became silent. He then smiled, and granted her husband's pardon, saying, "I think that as many spectators of this scene as are here present, will agree with me in thinking that the eloquence of the heart is always the best."

☞ "Cæsar, dis chile's gwine to Washington to 'ply for offis ob de Government "Well, what are you trying to get now, eh?" "Ise gwine to 'ply for the post of sexton in de post-offis apartment." "Sexton of post-office apartment?" "Yes, sah! I berry de dead letters."

## YOUNG AMERICA.

"WHAT nonsense, sis, all this about early marriages. A man must see the world first. Wouldn't it be absurd for me to go and get married at my time of life—eh?"

SIS (in a small voice.)—"Yes, very!"

### LYRIC.

In the Summer even
While yet the dew was hoar,
I went plucking purple pansies
Till my love should come to shore.
The fishing lights their dances
Were keeping out at sea,
And come, I sung, my true love!
Come hasten home to me.

But the sea it felt a-moaning,
And the white gulls rocked thereon,
And the young moon dropt from heaven,
And the lights hid one by one.
All silently their glances
Slipt down the cruel sea,
And wail! cried the night and wind and storm,
Wait, till I come to thee!

—*Miss Prescot.*

### AT WATERLOO.

After dinner, the conversation turned on the Waterloo campaign, when Croker alluded to the criticism of the French military writers, some of whom contended that the Duke had fought the battle in a position full of danger, because he had no practicable retreat. The Duke said: "At all events, they failed in putting it to the test. The road to Brussels, was, however, practicable, every yard, for such a purpose. I knew every foot of the plain, beyond the forest and through it. The forest on each side of the chaussee was open enough for infantry, cavalry, and even for artillery, and very defensible. Had I retreated through it, could they have followed me? The Prussians were on their flank, and would have been in their rear. The co-operation of the Prussians in the operations I undertook was a part of my plan, and I was not deceived. But I never contemplated a retreat on Brussels. Had I been forced from my position, I should have retreated to my right, towards the coast, the shipping, and my resources. I had placed Hill where he could have rendered me important assistance in many contingencies, and that might have been one. And again, if I retreated on my right, would Napoleon have ventured to follow me? The Prussians, already on his flank, would have been in his rear. But my plan was to keep my ground till the Prussians appeared, and then to attack the French position; and I executed my plan." On quitting the room, Croker remarked that he had never heard the Duke say so much on that subject before.—*Bridmont's Life of Wellington.*

LIFE'S CHANGES.—Our life is hastening along. One scene presents itself and then vanishes; a second follows, and disappears in like manner. Now we are well; anon sickness seizes us. At this moment, everything is prosperous and comfortable; the next all is dark and miserable. From reflecting upon these changes, however, we may learn two important lessons: the one solemn, the other encouraging. It is a solemn consideration that, amidst all the fluctuations of life, we are still making rapid advances towards eternity. Every wave, whether placid or turbulent, wafts us nearer to that awful shore. Like a ship which continues to make its way whatever the passengers on board may be doing, we are perpetually hurried forward, whatever may be our employments. But as this is a solemn thought, so is it encouraging to contrast the uncertainty of all things here below with the unchangeableness of our gracious and Almighty Lord. This is our safety, that there is One who hath said, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" and that there is an unfailing fountain of love and mercy in him to remedy all the evils of time, and to crown us with every blessing.—*Life of Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta.*

LICE ON CATTLE.—Never mind half what the newspapers say about killing lice on cattle. Snuff, and sand, and tobacco juice, and twenty other articles whose names none can remember, are recommended in various quarters to kill lice.

All may be good—all may have a good tendency—but at this season we want to be sure that we are using the right kind of ammunition.

Oil of any kind is an effectual exterminator of lice. They cannot live in oil or in the vicinity of it. Lamp oil of any kind. Soap grease. Any greasy matter is fatal to them.—*New England Farmer.*

☞ Justice is certainly an odd fish—she has only a single pair of scales.

# Agricultural.

## EARLY POTATOES.

A dish of new mealy potatoes, about the middle of June, is not to be despised. They are good upon the table, and by no means bad in the barrel, on their way to a lively market, at one to two dollars a bushel, and upwards. There is a difference of a month or two in the time required by different varieties to mature. This fact is often overlooked by farmers, and they continue planting only the late sorts, and have no new potatoes until August. Early varieties are a first essential in getting an early harvest. The Mercer or Chenango will mature in about twelve weeks, and with forcing, in ten. It is not so apt to rot when forced, as when planted late. The early Sovereign, Carpenter, Studley's, Seedling, Dykman, and the early June, require a still shorter season, say from six to twelve weeks. In almost every section of the country there are early potatoes, probably quite as good as any of these.

There are several methods of hastening their maturity. A favorite method with the German market gardeners, is to bring the seed potatoes in barrel into a warm room, about the first of March. The eyes start rapidly, and in about two or three weeks they are ready to plant. Another method, which we have practised for some years, is to start the potatoes in a gentle hot bed, about the middle of March. The tubers are cut in halves, and laid flat side down upon the bed, as thick as they can be placed. They are then covered with about two inches of garden mould, and the sashes are put over them. As soon as they are up two or three inches, they are ready to transplant. They should be removed carefully, separating the roots with as little breaking as possible, and put in drills where they are to grow. As they do not yield a full crop under this treatment, they can be planted closer, than in common field culture, say in drills thirty inches apart, putting the hills twelve inches apart in the drill.

A warm sandy loam, sloping to the south or southeast, should be selected for this crop. It should be well manured with horse dung, about half of it applied in the drills. Some manure their grounds for early potatoes in the fall, and this is, we think, a good plan for that part of the manure which is applied broadcast. Fresh horsedung in the drills raises the temperature of the soil, and hastens their growth.

We will add that we have succeeded well on a small scale, thus: Two or three weeks before the time, when it will probably do to plant out, take pieces of turf or sod, say four of five inches square, and put a piece of potato in each. These are set closely together where they can be watered as need, and can be exposed to sunshine. Whenever there is a cold night, or "cold snap," straw is put on to keep them from freezing. They sprout and fill the turf with roots. At the proper time the pieces are set in the open ground, one piece in a hill, and the growth is hardly checked. The turf itself also acts as a manure to aid the growth. In this way two or three weeks may be gained.—*Agriculturist.*

HOW MUCH HAY WILL KEEP A HORSE?—A correspondent of the Wisconsin Farmer, states that he has found by twenty years' experience, that 15 pounds of hay and 12 quarts of oat meal per day, will keep a good sized horse of 1,150 pounds' weight, in fine condition for farm or road work, and that, by using a cutting-box, one-third of the hay can be saved, and replaced by an equal weight of good straw or corn-stalks. The usual estimate among farmers, is, that a horse will generally consume 2,000 pounds per quarter, of 13 weeks, or 22 pounds per day. This shows how much can be saved by a judicious method of feeding, as a horse will eat considerably more than is necessary for his well-being.

RHUBARB.—Rhubarb beds should be made in March or the early part of April. Roots from last year's seed are the most vigorous, but the risk has to be run in getting an inferior article, as the seed rarely produces its like. The surest way is to take old roots, separate them into as many plants as they will admit of and retain a portion of the core to each; plant in deep, rich soil, the tops an inch under the surface, about two feet each way. Cover over in autumn with manure. They should not be permitted to run to seed.

SETTING FENCE POSTS.—Setting fence posts in an inverted position, has been frequently recommended in our columns, and the following, from the Genesee Farmer, endorses our views on this subject:—

About thirty years ago, I, to test the thing, split two bar posts, side by side, out of a chestnut log. They were eight feet long, eight inches wide, and three thick. One I set butt down, the other top down. At the end of ten years, the one set in butt down was rotted off, and I re-set it in the same hole. At the end of six years it was rotted off again, and I put in a new one. The other lasted four years longer, when it got split in two, and I took it out and it was about two-thirds rotted off. Sixteen years ago, I set six pairs of bar posts, all split out of the butt out of the same white oak log. One pair I set butts down, another pair, one butt down the other top down, and others top down. Four years ago, those set butt down were rotted off, and to be replaced by new ones. This summer I had occasion to re-set those that were set top down, I found them all sound enough to re-set. My experiments have convinced me that the best way is to set them tops down.

WOOL.—The history of the growth of wool is very curious. Fifty years ago not a pound of fine wool was raised in the United States, in Great Britain, or in any other country except Spain. In the latter country, the flocks were owned entirely by the nobility or by the crown. In 1794, a small flock was sent to the Elector of Saxony as a present from the King of Spain, whence the entire product of Saxony wool, now of such immense value. In 1809, during the invasion of Spain by the French, some of the valuable crown flocks were sold to raise money. The American Consul at Lisbon, Mr. Jarvis, purchased fourteen head, and sent them to this country. A portion of the pure unmixed Merino blood of these flocks is to be found in Vermont at this time. Such was the origin of the immense flocks of fine wooled sheep in the United States.—*Cornplanter and Mechanic.*

A FERTILIZER FOR STRAWBERRIES.—An experiment made last year, may not be amiss at this time for the growers of strawberries. I procured a half hogshead tub, filled it with rain-water, into which I put one quarter pound of ammonia, and one quarter pound of common nitre, let them dissolve and stand in the open air exposed to the sun. When my strawberry plants were coming into blossom, I gave my beds a sprinkling of this solution at evening, with a waterpot twice a week, while the fruit was growing, and the result was double the fruit where the liquid fertilizer was applied, to that produced side by side, where it was not applied.—*Boston Cultivator.*

# Useful Receipts.

HAIR WASH.—As a general rule, society does not use enough pomades and hair oils; hence the number of rough-looking heads of hair that are to be seen when men are assembled together with their "hats off" as in a court of justice and similar places of public resort. In boarding-schools, in vain are soap and water employed to destroy an odious parasite whose name need not be mentioned; but which is never seen or heard of where the toilette is liberally supplied with good pomade or oil. On the other hand, there are persons whose hair is so naturally moist and greasy that no kind of unguent is required. Such hair is very liable to come off, to be thin, lank, and pliable; whereas good hair should always have a certain amount of "woolliness" in it, to give that appearance of life and vigor so becoming in curly locks, and the excess of which is a negro head. Thin and naturally greasy hair requires a wash to keep it in nice order; and if the hair is falling off, either from sickness or natural decay, the wash should be astringent and stimulant. The following recipe is for an *Ordinary Hair Wash*:—Take one ounce of sassafras wood, a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of ammonia, one pint of elder water or orange-flower water, and one pint of old rum; boil the sassafras in the water for a quarter of an hour, then strain; when cold add the spirit and the carbonate; it is then ready for use. It is applied to the hair with a sponge; at the same time soft brushes only are to be employed. *Stimulating Hair Wash for Weak Hair, and when it is falling off*:—Four ounces of Piesse and Lubin's Hungary water, four ounces of almond oil, four ounces of orange-flower water, and one drachm of liquid ammonia, well shaken together every time it is used.

*For Dry and Harsh Hair.*—A new fluid has been discovered of very great merit, and having all the qualities of a fine oil, but in no way greasy; it renders the hair supple and pliant, and capable of being dressed to any form. The fluid is a kind of mucilage expressed from the mallow-seed; on which account, no less than for its cerulean beauty, it is appropriately called *mauve oil*. S. P.

PORTABLE BALLS FOR TAKING GREASE SPOTS OUT OF CLOTHES.—Dry fuller's earth so as to crumble it into powder, and moisten it with lemon juice; add a small quantity of pure pulverized pearl ash, and work the whole up into a thick paste. Roll it into small balls, let them completely dry in the heat of the sun, and they will then be fit for use. The manner of using them is by moistening with water the spots on the cloth, rubbing the ball over, and leaving it to dry in the sun; on washing the spots with common water, and very often with brushing alone, the spots instantly disappear.

RED ANTS.—To get rid of these pests, wash your shelves clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them quite thickly; let it remain on for a time, and they will entirely disappear.

MAKING CAKE WITHOUT BUTTER.—A New England lady, who is quite a famous housekeeper, recommends an economical plan for making cake without butter, which may be useful to our readers. Take a piece of salt pork fat, and melt it down, and strain it through a piece of coarse, thin muslin. Set it aside until cool. It is then white and firm, and may be used like butter in any kind of cake. In pound-cake she assures us it is delicious. She says that after one trial she never used butter again.

# The Riddler.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 9, 3, 4, 11, 21, 7, 12, is one of the United States.
My 14, 10, 13, 6, 16, 15, is a book of the Old Testament.
My 3, 14, 12, 18, is a denomination in Federal money.
My 16, 11, 21, 4, 5, is a number.
My 7, 2, 17, 8, 19, 12, is the capital of one of the United States.
My 3, 7, 15, 16, 5, is a mark used in written language.
My 21, 15, 14, 16, 12, is a color.
My 10, 2, 17, 7, 20, is a girl's name.
My 4, 9, 15, 7, 1, is a boy's name.
My 7, 17, 6, is a well-known tree.
My whole the Saturday Evening Post contains.

Fox Lake, Wis. E. D. E.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man once rode a fiery steed,
At swiftest pace, for he had need,
For close behind, o'er haugh and mead,
He heard my first and urged his speed.

My second is seen upon the ground,
Among the rocks 'tis sometimes found,
And from high trees a loud, shrill sound
From it will make you look round.

Some are my whole, by night and day,
At their work, or at their play;
If all were so without delay,
'Twere just as well, you'll doubtless say.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

### CHARADE.

My first, how welcome to the weary band
Of pilgrims toiling o'er the desert plains
Of parch'd Arabia. To their fainting hearts
The very word speaks hope. My second may
Be rich and sumptuous, or poor and mean;
Whate'er its guise, the life of every man
Depends on its supply. My whole is that
Which ardently we seek for those we love.
Reverse its syllables, and mournful breathe
The saddest accents of a parting hour.

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

What Hebrew wife her rival taunted sore?
What king lost power unwisely seeking more?
Who was a ready scribe in Moses' law?
Who, after fasting long, an angel saw?
What prophet wrote of Syria's overthrow?
Who from her husband's mother would not go?
Whose servant tried his master to deceive?
Where did St. Paul his books and parchments leave?
What king of giant race did Israel slay?
Who did with pleasing skill the timbrel play?
What priest first used a pulpit made of wood?
Who sought at risk of life her people's good?
Where did a servant slay his lawful king?
What friend did Paul request his cloak to bring?
What king to Solomon rich trees did send?
A title given to Paul's Philippian friend?
Who thresh'd, and by a winepress hid the wheat?
What mount oft bore the Saviour a second feat?
What loving father, in a touching strain,
Mourn'd for a rebel son ignobly slain?

Now, children, search your Bibles, and you'll find
Each name in there which I had in my mind;
Take the initials, and note down with care;
Oh! may the text you see incite to prayer.

### ANAGRAMS

*On Counties of the Keystone State.*

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Vulnalsl. | Remeen. |
| Dordfarb. | Rabeon. |
| Moy gwin. | Cigminol. |
| Zenurel. | Bamicolu. |
| Kingston. | TRESENTHICK. |

### ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If one set of four wheels, whose circumferences are respectively 26, 36, 48 and 50 inches, and another set with the fourth wheel larger by one inch, with the spokes of each set in a certain relative position, are set in motion on a plane, how much farther must the latter set go than the former before the spokes return to their first relative position at the exact end of any particular mile?

Northfolk, Ky. M. DURANT.

### PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 1. What is the convex surface of a cylinder, the diameter of whose base is 24, and altitude 35?

Wayne Co., Geo. JOHN W. HATCHER.

### CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Which is the most sentimental river? Ans.—Ohio (oh-high-oh.)

☞ Why is the sun like a good loaf? Ans.—Because it's light when it rises.

☞ Why is a lover like a knocker? Ans.—Because he is *bound* to *adore* (a-door.)

☞ How did the whale that swallowed Jonah obey the Divine law? Ans.—Jonah was a stranger and he took him in. JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

Cedarville, Illinois.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Daniel Webster, Green Harbor, Marshfield. CHARADE—Petronel (Pet-row-knell.) RIDDLE—The father was flaxseed, which died when sown on mother earth, and of course was of no account until it died, the lint or skin being made into cloth, and worn into rags, was manufactured into paper. ANAGRAMS—Pernambuco, Cardenas, Trinidad, Mobile, Palermo, Rio de Janeiro, Delhi, Panama, China, New Zealand, Spain. PROBLEM—The second hand will be between the other two, and at equal distances from each, in 60 $\frac{7\,5\,0}{1\,1\,7}$ sec.; the minute hand in 61 $\frac{6\,5\,3}{6\,0\,7}$ sec, and the hour hand in 57 $\frac{1\,3}{1\,3}$ sec.

Answer to Henry F. Bean's Problem published March 10th. External diameter of 1st bin 147.76 inches, contents 485.582 bus. External diameter 2d bin 221.64 inches, contents 1057.17 bus. External diameter of 3d bin 310 3 inches, contents 2032.900 bus.

Concord, Mich. O. J. FRENCH.

Answer to Mathematical Problem by Jesse W. Cornelius published March 17th, 117.75205 feet length of halter.—Albert Martin, Warren Co., Pa. Answer to same 117 feet 9 inches.—John F. Homes, Manor Dale, Pa.